





## THE AMADOR LEDGER

Published Fridays by  
R. WEBB Editor and Manager

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SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

Official Paper of Amador co.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1906

## How is This Thus.

The short sightedness of some office seekers is remarkable. When a man is placed on a party ticket, selected according to accepted methods of party usage, by a convention composed of representatives selected in orthodox fashion, the nominee has a strong claim upon the rank and file of the party generally. He can say "Here, I have been selected as a candidate by the convention of your party, I appeal to your party allegiance to vote for me." And this is a plea that cannot rightfully be set aside, unless lack of fitness for the position is the excuse for non-support. It is the duty of a republican voter to support a republican candidate regularly nominated, other things being equal. A republican is not justified in brushing aside party ties for any frivolous excuse. But the aspirant for office should be extremely careful to place himself in a position to be able to claim the benefit of party allegiance. And if he voluntarily cuts himself adrift from this rule, it does not lie in his month to complain if his claim for support is largely repudiated at the polls. A sagacious politician seeking office will never put a club in the hands of those upon whom he depends for election, by which they may beat him down at the ballot box. We are prompted to these remarks by the unprecedented action of C. H. McKenney, present assemblyman, and now an aspirant for state senator ship. He lives in Sutter Creek. At the last legislature he sat in his seat and permitted measures of vital import to his district to be rushed through, and has candidly admitted that he did not at the time they were passed nor for months afterwards, know their plain legal effect upon this country. We believe that is the naked truth of the matter. But experience ought to prove a good teacher, and a man once caught out, should be a little wary of the ground he is treading lest he spring another trap upon himself. It is the policy of aspirants for office to keep aloof as much as possible from all compromising alliances. The republican county committee met in Sutter Creek recently. McKenney is not a member of that body. It is a well-established unwritten law that a non-member cannot be admitted to a seat in that body on a proxy. Proxies can only be given to a brother committee man. This did not phase the assemblyman. He was there to do business, on a proxy from Ione. He was one of the committee appointed to recommend a plan for the selection of delegates to the state convention—delegates, mark you, which have the whole say as far as Amador is concerned in the make-up of the state, congressional senatorial and assembly tickets. And he recommended that the delegates with such sweeping powers be appointed by the central committee. That is to say, he voted to take the nominating authority away from the people, and place it in the hands of five men of his own and the committee's choosing. In other words, he has assumed the right—on a proxy too—to name delegates to a convention that is expected to name him as the republican candidate for senator in this district. And should he be selected as the candidate by the district convention, what kind of a predicament will he be placed in when he appeals to party voters for support. They can say to him, "Why, by your own action you have absolved us from all obligations as partisans to support you. You have not recognized us in your nomination. You did not seek the candidacy through regular channels of the party machinery. We were not consulted in naming the party delegates from Amador county that hepled to nominate you. You sanctioned the scheme to ignore us in the matter." What a suicidal dilemma for a candidate for office to voluntarily place himself in.

Only seven aliens have been admitted to citizenship in the superior court of this county during the current year. This is an unprecedented low record for a general election year. Under the wide open law of years ago, it was not uncommon for 300 foreign-born citizens to be naturalized during the canvass preceding an election. The present election law is more stringent. Several applicants this year have failed to pass the educational tests. And of course, the knowledge that such a test is required, has the effect of keeping many, who realize their deficiency, from attempting to pass the ordeal. A new naturalization law, passed by the last congress, will go into effect next month. We have not seen this law, but we are told its provisions are much more stringent than the law now in force.

Wm. McCormick died in Plymouth early this morning. The funeral will be held in Amador City on Sunday afternoon.

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## For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
SARSAPARILLA PILLS  
HAIR VIGOR.

We have no secret! We publish  
the formulas of all our medicines.Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's  
Pills and thus hasten recovery.

Change the Precinct Lines.

Last Saturday the democrats held a caucus in the supervisors room to decide upon delegates to be voted for at the primary election last Tuesday. Everything is not harmonious in the unturfed ranks. There was some high kicking done because some members had criticized the action of the managers in compelling all voters of Jackson precincts to come to town to participate in a caucus. In some cases persons would have to travel four miles to attend caucuses, which is deemed a hardship, when a central point might have been found which would have reduced the travel at least one half for the semi-country precincts. The trouble comes from the boundary lines established by the supervisors, which instead of confining the town precincts to the town proper, extend the lines so as to embrace four miles of country territory. As a result hardship is entailed on both sides. The country voters are out off in a great measure from participating in preliminary party matters; and on election day city residents are required to travel two or three miles out of town to vote. The precinct lines are radically out of tune, and cannot give satisfaction so long as they are permitted to exist as at present.

Under the law it seems to us that a sweeping revision of the boundaries of all Jackson precincts has been made imperative upon the board of supervisors on account of the incorporation of the city of Jackson. Center Jackson is the only precinct whose lines can remain intact under the law. Section 1130 of the Political Code, limiting the powers of the board of supervisors in establishing precinct boundaries, reads as follows:

No precinct must be established so as to embrace more than one township, nor in such manner that its exterior limits cross the exterior boundaries of any township, incorporated town or city, or any road district or other territorial subdivision for which local officers are to be elected, except a school or road district.

With the exception of Center Jackson, not one of the Jackson precincts as established by the supervisors, conforms with the above provision. They all extend far beyond the city limits, thereby including incorporated and unincorporated territory within their boundaries. It seems to us the supervisors, to meet the new conditions which have arisen through the incorporation of Jackson, are required to take action at their next meeting to remedy this illegal state of affairs. City precincts must be within city boundaries. Outlying country must be granted a separate and distinct voting precinct. A rectification of the lines will remove grounds of complaint above referred to.

## BEAT HIS MOTHER.

Monday evening, Frank Littlefield, who lives in the neighborhood of Wilfords, returned from a drinking bout in Plymouth, and started in to abuse his mother. It is said he beat her badly. A younger brother interfered in behalf of the mother and Frank attacked and beat him also. Constable Scoble of Plymouth was notified, and went over next morning, when it appears that the man on the war path had been given money by the mother to go to Latrobe and take the train for parts unknown. He had skipped before the officers got there. He is quarrelsome when drinking, and settlers hope to be rid of him.

T. K. Norman returned Wednesday evening from a fishing trip to Blue creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Zumbiel left this morning for Santa Cruz.

Emil Maroucci left this morning for San Francisco.

Bud Hamrick, the twelve year old son of H. C. Hamrick of New York Ranch, met with a serious accident this morning. A horse stepped on his left foot breaking the bone.

## We Make Candy

In Oakland, but sell it all over the West. We use absolutely pure materials and flavor our candies with pure natural fruit juices. Every piece is fresh, delicious, delicately flavored, smooth and creamy. Consumers say—and we believe they know—that our candies are superior to all others. Mail us a P. O. or express money order, and we will do the rest.

One pound box 75c.

Two pound box \$1.35.

Chocolate or French Mixed.

Put up in heat resisting, moisture proof packages.

Express or postage prepaid.

LEHNHARDT'S

1159 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

## The Gubernatorial Situation.

Notwithstanding the hostility of the political bosses, Pardee seems to be by long odds the leading candidate for the honor of heading the republican ticket. It is beyond question that if the republican voters of the state had the say, Pardee would be the nominee by a big margin. And this will apply to the republicans of Amador county. No other aspirant would command anywhere near so large a proportion of the party voters, in spite of all the efforts of the Gillett band wagon to make it appear otherwise. Pardee has made, all things considered, the best governor the state has ever had. He has guided the ship of state with a firm hand, though a crisis never before paralleled in this or any other state, and brought it safely through without any impairment or breakdown of financial confidence. The business interests of California have found out that he is the kind of man to face an emergency; they have confidence in him, and want him to stay where he is for another term. We do not believe the pie-counter brigade, who are incensed because the governor could not dole out positions in sufficient numbers and fatness to meet their demands, can defeat the wishes of the people.

According to the estimates of those versed in the situation the strength of the respective candidates is given as follows: Pardee 387, Gillett 53, Porter 33, Hayes 43, and Edison 8, with 280, including the San Francisco vote, in the doubtful column. As there will be 825 votes in the convention, it will require 413 to nominate. So that Pardee, if these figures are to be depended upon, will enter the contest, lacking only 26 votes of a clear majority. It would take a combination of all the other candidates to beat him. Of course such a combination is next to impossible.

It is far more likely that should Pardee develop anything like the commanding lead as herein indicated on the first ballot, that adherents of other candidates will flock to his standard and give him the prize on the second ballot. The San Francisco vote is the uncertain quantity. With that thrown solidly into the Gillett column, there would still be a wide gap between Gillett and Pardee in favor of the latter. It is reported that the San Francisco manipulators have turned down Geo. A. Knight, who is the power behind Gillett's candidacy, by shutting him off the primary ticket. If this be correct, it indicates that the city delegates are not likely to be for Gillett when the decisive vote is taken.

## BORN.

WINTER—In Ione August 3, 1906, to the wife of George Winter, a daughter.

CALANDRA—In Drytown, July 22, 1906, to Mr and Mrs John Calandra, twins, daughter and son.

## MARRIED.

FERRERO-MASCHIO—In Jackson August 17, 1906, by Alfred Goldner, Justice of the Peace, August Domenico Ferrero to Virginia Maschio, both of Jackson.

## DIED.

NOVACRIVICH—In Jackson August 9, 1906, John Novacrevich, native of Austria, aged 25 years.

Lemons, oranges, and bananas constantly on hand at Nettie's Mkt.

CALANDRA—In Drytown August 14, 1906, Mrs Lucy Calandra, beloved wife of John Calandra, age 38 years, a native of Italy.

HARTWICK—Near Amador City, August 15, 1906, Anna B. Hartwick, native of California, age 12 years 4 months.

POTTER—In Plymouth, August 17, 1906, E. S. Potter, native of Kentucky, aged 79 years and 9 months.

McCORMICK—In Plymouth, August 17, 1906, Wm. McCormick, aged 40 years.

## Etiquette Among Forest Rangers.

While in the forest reserve in which I must several of the forest rangers, all of them intelligent men some with college education, men who seemed peculiarly adapted to their calling, who knew the mountains thoroughly, handy with an ax and gun and full of resources. A degree of ethics obtained among the sportsmen, guides, trappers and forest rangers that was interesting. When any one goes to a deserted cabin, in most of which would be found food, bedding, a stove, etc., it is proper form for him to stay all night, eat all he can put away under his belt, if in dire need divide any supply of tobacco and matches he may find, but he must take away nothing else, since to carry off an article of little value, such as hammer, hatchet, pinners, snow glasses, screw driver, fish hook, pipe or other similar article might inconvenience the owner greatly when he happened along and wanted them and was forty miles or more from a source of supply. If a belated wanderer fails to wash the dishes and leave a supply of dry wood sufficient to build a fire and cook a meal he is at once tabooed and his companionship is not sought after.—Northwestern Sportsman.

## The Size of the Sun.

The sun, provided we measure only the disk seen with the smoked glass, is 866,000 miles in diameter—i. e., 108 earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need 3,300,000. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good sized grain of shot. Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its center and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of 240,000 miles. There would yet remain nearly 200,000 miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun. Indeed to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the center, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two and a half years. So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth it only weighs as much as 332,000 earths, or two octillions of tons. The attraction of gravity on its surface would cause a man whose weight was 150 pounds to weigh

## SUPERIOR COURT.

HON. R. C. RUST, JUDGE.

Estate of Altie M. Barney—Notice to creditors ordered published. J. L. Fontenrose, Jas. A. Laughton and John Barton appointed appraisers.

Estate of James L. Barney—Notice to creditors ordered published. Henry White, John McAffee and H. E. Potter appointed appraisers.

Estate of C. B. Hunting—B. C. O'Neill, Luke Glavinovich and U. S. Gregory, appointed appraisers.

John Nicholas vs. Ben. Nickley—Statement on motion for a new trial ordered engrossed, and thereafter to be presented to court for final settlement.

Wilford Dennis vs. Matilda Dennis—Trial had, lasting from Tuesday, August 7, to Saturday August 11.

Estate of Mary Hall.—Order granted confirming sale of real estate.

Estate of J. Gundry—Executor authorized to compromise certain notes.

Declaration of Intention to become citizens Giacomo Maginacola, Giovanni Garsner and Luigi Traverso, all natives of Italy.

## New Cases.

John Higgins plaintiff, vs. John H. Spring, Wildman Consolidated mine, and others.—Suit to foreclose lien on the Wildman Consolidated for \$1088.99, including attorneys fees and costs, for labor performed as miner and foreman. The complaint asks that the claim be declared to be prior to other liens.

John Higgins vs. John H. Spring, Lincoln Gold Mining Company, Wildman Consolidated and others.—Suit to foreclose miners' liens amounting to \$17356.07, with interest and costs against the above corporation and property in Sutter Creek, embodying fifteen separate claims for liens.

People vs. Domenico Colombatto—Information filed.

Estate of William Robert Kidd—Deceased died in Douglass county, Nevada, July 23, 1906, leaving personal consisting of a mortgage on real property in this county of the value of \$500. The heirs are Alys M. Kidd, widow of deceased, residing in Stockton, and L. F. Kidd, son, 9 years of age. Alys M. Kidd petitions for letters of administration.

## MIDDLE BAR.

The whiskers of H. D. Emerson, the philosopher of South Jackson, floated along our side hills a few days ago. Henry was looking for some secluded spot in which to place the political remains of those misguided republicans who appointed themselves delegates to the state convention. A neat slab was found on his trail on which was carved these plaintive words "Hic jacet, doc."

Those democrats I spoke about last week have again changed their notions. They cannot stomach the republican methods either. Lord knows, the democratic machine is raw enough, but the republican one is so much worse that now those misguided democrats care only about one thing, and that is to see a democratic sheriff again.

Say, Mr Editor, isn't it funny what notions some people get after they have held an office a term or two. They begin to think that the party that elected them was created for their special benefit. They believe they own it, that it should do nothing of which they do not approve, and that the only thing individual members should consider is ways and means to keep the incumbent in office. Dear me, how mad they are if any miserable common democrat or republican dares to criticize, or to say anything of which these autocrats do not approve. As a rule it is not good for a man to hold an office too long. He forgets that he is a public servant, and comes to imagine that he has a right to his job; that it is his, he owns it, and looks upon any attempt to put another in his place as down right deadly personal affront. I believe in using business methods in politics—in keeping a good man when you have one, but when any office holder comes to believe that a party is one of his chattels, or that he has a better right to the office than any one else, or that he is necessary, its time to make a change, either in the office or the mind of the holder.

In spite of the hot weather, a festival era is upon us. At Chuma's on Saturday last a social dance was held, which all the residents of the burg attended. They had a real nice time, whoever liked got drunk, and those who did not like stayed sober. The music was good, the beer cool, the weather warm, and if any there did not enjoy themselves it was their own fault.

On Tuesday evening Mrs Parady celebrated her 22d birthday by inviting the neighbors to a card party. Until eleven whist took up the time, then came ice cream, cake and lemonade, all most excellent. We had one of the most pleasant evenings we have enjoyed for many moons. Present were Mr and Mrs C. A. McKinney, Mr and Mrs B. Fregulla, Mr and Mrs J. L. Sargent, Mr and Mrs Earl Parady, Mrs J. Swithenbank and Mrs J. Viessieux. Mr Sargent won the first prize at whist—an elegant pair of cut glass "sals," and Mrs Swithenbank took the booby prize, a very handsome atlantean match receiver.

Mrs Viessieux is spending a week with her sister, Mrs Parady, while her husband, Joe Viessieux of Ione, rusticates on Blue creek with Wes Amick, and Sheriff Norman.

Joe Swithenbank's boom for sheriff of Calaveras is busted. Really no one ever took the matter seriously except Swithenbank. He was really in earnest, while the rest of the

county guffawed loudly, and drank whenever Joe treated, which was often. He puts me in mind of poor old Foster, who discovered the number of liars in Amador. Swithenbank believes there are a few in Calaveras.

Why does the sun burn? Why does a mosquito sting? Why do we feel unhappy in the Good Old Summer Time? Answer: We don't. We use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, and these little ills don't bother us. Learn to look for the name on the box to get the genuine. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

## WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one."

(NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)  
You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats.  
Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.  
OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH  
A. J. TOWER CO.  
TOWER'S FISH BRAND  
TOWER CANADIAN CO.  
Limited  
TORONTO, CANADA

## APPLICATION FOR SOLE TRADESHIP

In the Superior court of the county of Amador, State of California.  
In the matter of the application of Adelina E. Bargin to become sole trader.

Notice of application of Adelina E. Bargin, for judgment and decree of the Superior court of Amador county, State of California, authorizing her to do business in her own name and on her own account as sole trader.

Notice is hereby given that I, Adelina E. Bargin, wife of Frank A. Bargin, resident of the city of Jackson, county of Amador, State of California, being desirous of availing myself of the provisions of Title XII Part III of the Code of Civil Procedure of said State, intend to make application to the Superior Court of the county of Amador, State of California, on Saturday, the 22d day of September, 1906, at the opening of the court, in the court room at the Court House, in said city of Jackson, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, or on such other day to which the hearing may be postponed by the court, for a judgment and decree of said Superior Court, authorizing me to carry on and transact business in my own name and on my own account as sole trader. The nature of the business I propose to carry on and conduct is that of a retail dealer in wines, beer, liquors, cigars, etc., at the "GEM" on Main street, in the city of Jackson, county of Amador, State of California.

Dated and signed at Jackson, California, this 4th day of August, 1906.

ADELINA E. BARGIN, petitioner.

## Notice of Delinquent Sale

of the Jose Gulch Mining Company a corporation organized under the laws of the state of California, having its office and principal place of business at Butte Basin, Amador county, California, and having its works and property at the same place.

Notice—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessments levied on the 2nd day of July, 1906, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name	No. Cert.	No Shares	Amount
Amick, William	31	150	\$ 4.50
Amick, William	178	150	4.50
Breidenbach, Joseph	130	350	7.50
Breidenbach, Joseph	140	250	7.50
Elder, J. D.	56	1000	30.00
Eldred, Mattie	130	300	6.00
Farwell, F. M.	130	300	6.00
Farwell, F. M.	145	50	1.50
Farwell, F. M.	146	500	15.00
Farwell, F. M.	181	50	1.50
Farwell, F. M.	198	2000	60.00
Farwell, F. M.	210	500	15.00
Farwell, F. M.	230	17	0.51
C. G. Mayborn	79	500	15.00
Swartout, Mrs L. L.	188	100	3.00
Stewart, W. E.	165	44	1.32
Stewart, W. E.	317	1550	45.00
Stewart, W. E.	329	300	6.00
Stewart, W. E.	351	1436	42.78

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the second day of July, 1906, so many shares of each parcel of such stock may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the company and secretary at Butte Basin, Amador county, California, on the 4th day of September, 1906, at the noon of that day. California liquid remedy, made drop by drop from harmless herbs. Never fails. 75 cents. Francis S. Ott, Sacramento, Cal.

Secretary of the Jose Gulch Mining Company, office at Butte Basin (Jackson post office) Amador county, Cal.

## STATE HOUSE HOTEL

10th and K Sts., Sacramento, Cal.  
American and European Hotel.

Enlarged and modernized at great expense. WITH NEW AND UP-TO-DATE ROOMS. ELEVATOR AND FIRE ESCAPES. Two blocks from Capital Park, Postoffice and Theaters.

Board and Room, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day. Rooms, \$2.00 to \$2.00 per day. MEALS 25 CENTS. WILLIAM LAND, Proprietor.

## NOTICE

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## The German Savings and Loan Society

begs to inform depositors that it has resumed business at its old headquarters

NO. 526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

and is now receiving Deposits and making Payments as heretofore.

THE DIVIDEND TO DEPOSITORS

for the six months ending June 30th, 1906, was at the rate of 3.60 per cent per annum.

## Closing Out at Cost.

Having decided to discontinue business in Jackson I offer my entire stock of Tin and Agate Ware, Crockery and Glassware, Hardware, Crockery, Wood and Willow Ware, Notions, etc., at cost for cash. This is a genuine close-out. Will sell in a lump or in any quantity. Sale to commence Monday, July 30th.

W. E. KENT.

## FOR DYSPEPSIA

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT

Relieves Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching of Gas, Etc.

PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF

E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

## PINE GROVE.

We were visited with a refreshing shower of rain on Friday last, but the weather continues warm since.

The political pot is boiling over in our town, we have it served for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Mrs Munson and Mrs Hyner were driving on the Aqueduct grade one day last week, when they met an automobile. The horse the ladies were driving became unmanageable, and Mrs Hyner in alighting fell with her full weight on her elbow, and in so doing broke the joint. It will be months before she will have the use of her arm. Dr. Griffin is attending her, and she is getting along as well as could be expected.

A party was tendered S. S. Snyder on Saturday evening, on the eve of his departure for Idaho.

Mrs Angeraves returned to Galt the first of the week, on account of the ill health of her infant daughter.

We Pine Groveites are to enjoy a rare treat this evening. Rev. C. E. Winning of Jackson, has kindly consented to lecture for us, and we know him to be a most pleasing speaker.

A party from Pine Grove again visited Taboan lake on Friday last. The day being cloudy they reported a very pleasant time.

## PLYMOUTH.

Miss Hinkson of Amador City, is visiting friends here.

Miss Valla Potter of Sacramento, is visiting relatives.

Mr and Mrs Carry and children, are here on a visit.

Carl Thomas and Fred Ball have returned from their trip to the mountains.

Dr. Norman and John Walton have gone to the mountains for a few days. Mrs Cupps and children are away on a visit to her mother at Grizzly Flat.

A dance was given in Shield's hall last Saturday evening after skating was over. Every one had a good time, with good music and a large crowd. Races were arranged at Phillips skating rink, with prizes for the best couple on the floor, Will Scoble and Daphney Calbert won the prize.

Mr McCormick is on the sick list.

Mrs Edith Stocks of Drytown was initiated in the N. D. G. W., at their last meeting.

Miss Thomas is the guest of Miss Dora Slarich.

Miss Myrtle Pierce of Amador City, and Miss Ethel Hoskins of Sacramento, who have been guests of Miss Lizzie Burke, have returned to their respective homes.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of

Three Persons Cured WITH ONE BOTTLE



## Bilious People

If you have "bilious attacks," or "sick headache," or "sour stomach," or you are troubled with constipation, you

### Need Little Cathartic Granules.

The gentle but effective liver stimulant and reliable cure for constipation. They completely remove the cause of sick-headaches and biliousness.

## RUHSER'S

### CITY PHARMACY.

Jackson, Cal.

### MORE LOCALS.

### TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL

Date.	Temp. L. H.	Temp. H.	Date.	Temp. L. H.	Temp. H.
Aug. 1 (06)	62	95	Aug. 17 (06)	62	95
2	61	93	18	61	93
3	60	92	19	60	92
4	59	91	20	59	91
5	58	90	21	58	90
6	57	89	22	57	89
7	56	88	23	56	88
8	55	87	24	55	87
9	54	86	25	54	86
10	53	85	26	53	85
11	52	84	27	52	84
12	51	83	28	51	83
13	50	82	29	50	82
14	49	81	30	49	81
15	48	80	31	48	80
16	47	79			

Total rainfall for season to date, .35 1/2 inches corresponding period last season .32 3/4 "

### LOCAL NEWS

When you wish the finest flavored coffee and teas, remember that W. J. Little keeps only the best.

George Luckner has resigned his position at the Kennedy, and Ed. Rowley has been appointed in his place. The three engineers at the shaft made a demand for 25 cents a day additional pay. They have been receiving \$3.25 per day of eight hours, and want \$3.50 per day.

At the last meeting of the board of supervisors of El Dorado county, the strict attorney was authorized to dismiss an action commenced by El Dorado county against W. F. Detert Amador county.

Mrs. Folger and her son George, returned home Monday evening from trip to the mountains. George has resumed his place as expressman.

Mrs. J. H. Story left Sunday morning for a brief vacation at Pacific Grove.

E. H. Harrington superintendent, moved over from Bunker Hill Sunday evening.

A family named White has rented a house on Broadway, formerly owned by L. A. Kent, now owned by E. Dalo.

Ledger and Chicago Week y Inter-urban, both papers for one year, \$2.50 advance.

A miner named Baldwin was cut in the head and bruised on the back by falling debris in the Queida mine last week.

D. Gozzer, who keeps the saloon at Matley's butcher shop, is under the doctor's care for blood poisoning of the hand.

Dante Biscaro, who has been working in San Francisco in the cement business, fell from a scaffold, injuring himself so as to lay him up for some time. He returned to his home in Jackson to spend the recovery period.

John Eudey, returned a few days from a visit of some weeks to Denver, where his mother and sisters are living. He has accepted a position at the Fremont mine.

Miss Ada Grove of Tule, is visiting friend Miss Eliza Palmer of this city.

Mrs. E. Fisher left Saturday morning for Mokelumne Hill to visit her relatives.

Frank Perenzi has accepted a position as blacksmith at the Ziela mine. Hazel Quire left Wednesday morning for Hollister, where she will reside with her aunt, Mrs. Briggs, and end the high school of that city.

Miss Annie Leptich left Tuesday morning for San Francisco.

John Fregulia, who has been quite for some time, is now improving slowly.

Nate Williams and Lewis Lamb, at work repairing the porch and driveway of the Masonic hall.

J. M. Kelly wife and child, returned from their mountain trip last Friday. Mrs. Folger and her son George, who accompanied them on the trip, decided to remain a few days more in the neighborhood of Silver Lake.

Luigi Ronovich, an Austrian, was struck in the head by a falling rock while working in the Keystone mine Thursday. A surgeon was called to stitch up the wound. His injury, though painful, is not thought to be dangerous.

Thursday night of last week, John Vacevich, an Austrian miner died of the Perovich boarding house on Broadway, after a short illness of phoid pneumonia. He was a single man, 25 years of age. The interment was in the Catholic cemetery on Friday, under the auspices of the Jackson Miners' Union, of which organization he was a member.

Hon. John F. Davis was in Jackson Sunday evening, on business connected with the estate of Mary Hall, course of probate in the superior court. Some thought he was also here to take a hand in the emergency which has been thrust upon the republicans by the county central committee. But there was no warrant such a belief. He left for the city on Sunday morning.

### DOCUMENTS RECORDED.

The following instruments have been filed for record in the recorder's office since our last report. We publish a complete list of documents recorded, and must decline to accede to any request to suppress any document from these columns. Don't ask us to do so.

Deeds—Ferdinand L. Stewart to Abraham L. Stewart, lot in Butte City, \$10.

Paulen and S. Marinovich to Nick Ralia, 100 acres 11-7-11, \$1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage—Hoskins, trustee, to Peck.

G. M. Schroder and wife to T. J. G. M. Hightower, lots 4 and 5, block 9, Oleta, \$10.

Ed. W. Hammack to Hattie T. Lewis, interest in Wabash mine, Amador City district, \$10.

George Grelich to Henry Grelich and others, 917 acres and lot 5 block 7 Drytown, gift.

G. M. Huberty, administrator to W. F. Detert, certain rights of way and easements for mining purposes over Doyle and other claims, \$100.

G. M. Huberty, as administrator of C. W. Trotter, to W. F. Detert, Aetna, Amador Queen and Schoolhouse quartz mines, and 74 acres agricultural land, \$1700.

Chattel Mortgage—Geo. W. Luot et al to J. A. Fregulia, tools in blacksmith and wagon making shop in Jackson, \$650, one year, no interest.

Notice of Intention to sell—William Amstader et al to Antone Cavagaro, liquor business and liquors in Mooney saloon, Amador City.

Certificates of Redemption—Chas. Strimman, land in 24-7-12, and 19 and 30-7-13, taxes of 1903, \$4.63, also 160 acres and 5 stamp mill, \$3.07 taxes of 1903.

Assignment of Mortgage—George Grelich to Henry Grelich assignment of instrument executed by Mrs. E. D. Gambert and John Gambert.

Power of Attorney—U. S. Fidelity and Guarantee Co., to James Borland and others, general power of attorney, and others.

Patents—U. S. to Chas. A. Strimman, 160 acres 6 and 7-18-7.

U. S. to Chas. E. Meekling, 160 acres, section 7, 17 and 18-7-14.

U. S. to Hattie Lou Strimman, 160 acres, section 24-7-12 and 19 and 30-7-13.

### A Priest's Farewell.

Father Horgan delivered his farewell address to the members of the Jackson Catholic church Wednesday morning. He spoke feelingly and affectionately to his flock, stating that he would ever hold in grateful remembrance the kind treatment and cordial relations that had existed since his advent here. This is the first place in which he had exercised the official duties of the priesthood.

The congregation were regretful at parting with Father Horgan, who is greatly esteemed, even beyond the sphere of the religious set to which he belongs. He has been promoted to take charge of a parish of which Truckee, Nevada county, is the center, and place of residence. He left for his new field of labor yesterday morning.

### The Dennis Divorce Suit.

The divorce case of Wilford Dennis, occupied the superior court from Tuesday to Saturday of last week. During the trial, the following witnesses were examined for plaintiff: W. Dennis, Jackson Dennis, Julia Trevitt, Mrs. Mary Daugherty, for the defendant, W. S. Weymouth, Mrs. D. A. Patterson, Mrs. Hannah Wilson, Mrs. C. Calvino, Mr. and Mrs. J. Permatto, Mrs. M. Daugherty, Margaret Stasal, Dr. Phillips, Flora Oneto, H. E. Kay, Mrs. A. Botto, J. H. Langhorst, Matilda Dennis, Louisa Botto. Last Monday, the court rendered its decision denying the plaintiff's application for divorce; giving the custody of the minor children to the defendant; who is also granted the use of the household furniture, and allowed \$50 per month for maintenance, to be paid monthly by plaintiff, commencing August 15; also \$250 attorney fee.

### Staples Murder Case.

The remittitur from the supreme court in the Staples' murder case was received by the county clerk last Monday. It is simply a copy of the decision of the court in that case, certified by the clerk thereof. No action has been taken in the matter this week. The district attorney is away at Pacific Grove, and is not expected to return until the end of the week. Early next week the case will no doubt come before the superior court, and some decisive action taken thereon.

It is common report that George Kirkwood has reconsidered his declaration to be a candidate on the democratic ticket for county clerk, and that he has resolved to make the fight if the nomination is tendered him. That clears the political atmosphere amazingly from the democratic viewpoint. It is not so much for Kirkwood's sake that they want him on the ticket, but for others more hungry than he for the leaves. To lose the clerkship would bankrupt the major part of the machine. Now, everything is set, and things look promising once more—until the votes are counted. It is not a bad omen for republicans that the democrats this year are begging available material to get on the slate.

Paul Poggi and wife left Monday morning for San Francisco.

Marie Weller, daughter of George Weller, has been quite sick for two weeks with typhoid fever symptoms. Her medical attendant says she is now convalescing.

Mrs. E. S. Pittois, who has been taking care of the Catholic church, while her husband was absent in the mountains, will hereafter regularly attend to that work.

Dr. R. E. Smith, dentist, arrived in this city Wednesday evening, and will assist Dr. Wilson in his practice, which is more than he can take care of himself at present.

### TROUBLE AT KENNEDY.

Men Refuse to Go Down Until Safeties are Provided for Skip.

Last Monday morning there was a commotion raised at the Kennedy mine, when at the time for changing shifts, about one hundred of the day hands refused to go to work.

The reason assigned was that the company had been given notice some time back that safety clutches must be provided, to stop the skip automatically in case of accident, also that a bonnet be provided over the skip, to protect the men against falling rocks, etc., and a guard rail. It is claimed that the men allowed the company six weeks' time in which to make these necessary improvements for the safety for the hands. That the notice expired over a week ago, and nothing being done, the hand refused to go to work. The strikers are nearly all Italians, and members of the socialist party, which attempted a parade in Jackson some months ago. These men held a meeting in Odd Fellows hall Sunday night, which eventuated in the above stated actions. It was anticipated that this decisive step by them, would be coincided in and approved by the other miners. But in this they were mistaken. The union miners refused to accept their dictation, and went to work as usual.

The work force, however, was shorn of two-thirds of its strength, there being only about 50 men at work Monday, when the full force requires at least three times that number.

A talk with the miners shows that the demands of the men for the protective appliances, in the way of clutches, guards, and bonnet are reasonable, and should be complied with. The Kennedy Company has been working on these things, but wished to avoid any cessation in milling if possible. The clutches have been on the ground for a long time, but the necessary changes to hoisting apparatus in putting them in place would entail a two or three days suspension of shaft operations. The foreman and superintendent had no idea of the move until the blow fell. The strikers after a little parleying in the expectation that all hands would join them in the movement, finding that this part of the program was destined to fail, left the premises at the request of the mine officials.

From general talk on the streets it appears that the issue is between the non-union and union element employed in the Kennedy mine. Those belonging to the socialist are mostly not identified with the union. The miners' union, while in sympathy with the request for the protective appliances, could not sanction the act of these men. Nothing had been done in the union with regard thereto, and they looked upon the strike as an effort to force them into a secondary or subordinate position. They refused to be coerced in that way. A large number of the quitters applied Monday to pay up their back dues, and were reinstated in the union, but many were not allowed to do so.

Meanwhile the Kennedy Company took steps to have the safety clutches put on the skips at once. It was promised that in two or three days at most this cause of complaint would be removed. What the outcome of this affair will be is a problem that time alone can solve.

C. V. Colt was here on Tuesday and authorized by the Union Construction Company, operating near Vallecito in Calaveras county to engage 100 men to go to work at that point. He made overtures to the strikers to that end. At first they hesitated to accept, as they did not know, as they said, that they were discharged. As a matter of fact the time of 75 at least was in the office at that time. It is believed that the men, to the number of 100, will accept the proposition. The wages offered is \$2.25 per day—the same pay as they have been getting at the mine.

After being notified by the company to take their belongings from the boarding house by 5 o'clock Tuesday evening, the exodus started in earnest. Valises, trunks and blankets were packed to different places around town. In the afternoon another meeting was held in the hall, for what purpose we do not know. In the evening the boys got imbibing freely, and somewhat boisterous. Trouble threatened to break out several times and the officers were on the scene to meet any emergency. Nothing serious occurred. Thursday morning they commenced to leave town in wagon loads. Some accepted the offer to work for the Union Construction Company in Calaveras county. Most of them have left for other parts. The incident is closed. In a short time the Kennedy will again be placed on a full working basis.

From later reports we learn that Mr. Colt was able to secure eight or ten of the men for the work in Calaveras. The agitators have nearly all left, most of them going to San Francisco, attracted thither by the prospect of bigger pay. Things have quieted down to a normal basis. The force at the mine is nearly full-handed. Many of the newly engaged men are Austrians, from near-by camps.

Sheriff Norman took a hand in the affair Wednesday. Hearing that one of the strikers had indulged in threats against one of the men that went to work, he sought out the fire-eater, and notified him that he had twenty-four hours to get out of town. The man made some inquiries as to the standing of the one who had thus ordered him to scot, and finding that he was the sheriff, he concluded to obey the mandate. He moved out yesterday afternoon.

A world of truth in a few words: "Nearly all their rough cured men, constipated, especially those containing opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels. Contains no opiates." You can get it at F. W. Russer.

Get the weak spots in your old narrow patched at Pete Piccardo's.

Ledger & Chicago Inter-Ocean, \$2.50

### CITY TRUSTEES.

The city trustees have had four sessions as a board of equalization, for the purpose of equalizing the property valuations.

The following reductions were made:

M. Barsi, on improvements on lot 5 block 3, reduced from \$1100 to \$750.

Mrs. L. Clark, on property in South Jackson, from \$250 to \$100.

The following were notified to appear and show cause why their assessments should not be raised: P. Dwyer, D. Boro, F. Cademartori, Mrs. A. Calamaci, G. B. Dondero, J. J. Dalo, W. Daugherty, John Davitto, A. Eudey, Mrs. M. Going, T. Grasso, Gertrude Barton, Frank Podesta Mrs. I. Sanguinetti. After hearing statements, the board raised values as follows:

P. Dwyer, on Globe hotel, from \$6000 to \$6500.

A. Eudey, on National hotel, from \$6000 to \$6500.

W. Daugherty, lot 14 bl 3 raised \$200.

D. Boro, lot 28 bl 6 200

F. Davitto, lot 19 bl 10 200

F. Cademartori, lot 9 bl 1 200

J. J. Dalo, in South Jackson 200

Butterfield estate, 200

With these changes, the assessment was accepted.

At the meeting last evening the committee on health was instructed to have the creeks cleaned wherever needed, particularly the Middle fork, also to see that the outlets of the sewers were flushed.

### Card of Thanks.

We the undersigned desire to express our sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends, who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and burial of our dear father, George Grelich.

Mrs. Emma Packard  
Sophia Grelich  
Henry Grelich  
Edward Grelich  
Louis Grelich  
Fred Grelich  
Frank Grelich  
Albert Grelich.

### No Meeting.

A meeting of republicans was announced to be held in Webb hall on Monday evening to discuss the action of the republican county central committee in appointing delegates to the state convention. The meeting did not come off owing to a failure to attend. Only some half a dozen appeared, and with such a slim showing it was not worth while to take any action. There were two other meetings held the same evening, and that-militated against the meeting. But while the crowd failed to materialize, the sentiment of republicans generally is unquestionably antagonistic to the high-handed proceeding of the committee in appointing delegates. Few indeed there are that will defend that course. Some, perhaps, thought it best to let it go, fearing that agitation might hurt the republican prospects in the coming local campaign.

### AMADOR.

Dr. Freshman and wife of Stockton, paid Amador City a visit last week. They were accompanied by Mrs. Freshman's cousin, Miss Odell.

Mr. Hueg visited Amador last week. Mr. Hueg was our baker, but has retired from business here, having sold his bakery shop and saloon to Mr. Franke of San Francisco. Mr. Franke is assisted in his business by Mrs. Franke.

Misses Orbelte Torre and Henrietta Griffin of Jackson, visited our town Sunday. Both young ladies are engaged at the Jackson Shoe Store.

The funeral of Anna Hartwick will take place today (Friday), at Oak Knoll cemetery.

Chez Torre and Clarence Gatten have left for the mountains.

Another Pioneer Crosses the Divide.

E. S. Potter, an old resident of Plymouth, and a pioneer of Amador county, died at his home in Plymouth at five o'clock this morning, after a lingering illness, terminating in dropsy. Deceased came to this county in 1852, at first engaging in mining at Volcano. In 1858 he was married to Miss Harriet L. Howard of Forest Home, and moved to Plymouth in 1866, where he has lived for forty years. His wife died in 1897. He leaves five children. He was a man of upright character, and will be missed in the northern section of Amador. He was born in Connecticut, November 16, 1826. In 1883 he was elected supervisor of Amador county, serving one term. The funeral will take place in Plymouth at 2 o'clock p. m.

Frank Bacon, who resided in Placerville a few years ago, died at his home in Oleta on Monday after a long illness from consumption. His cousin, Miss Mamie Carr, went to Oleta a few days ago on account of his illness. She was also there some time ago assisting him. Dan Carr went to Oleta yesterday to attend the funeral which took place at two o'clock. Frank was only 36 years of age and his early death will be regretted by many friends. His father is still living at Oleta.—El Dorado Republican.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitutional and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer on Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### MINING NOTES.

Amador Climax This mine continues to run on a small scale. The mill is idle at present. The attachment suit commenced last week. It is believed, will be satisfactorily settled as soon as the superintendent gets back. Those best acquainted with the property are of the opinion that with good management it ought to be able to pay a good profit.

Pioneer District—Mining matters are very quiet in this district. The Defender is still at a standstill. C. J. Newman was up one day last week trying to straighten out the affairs of the Sutter Creek Gold Mining Company, whose property is situated on the Mokelumne river, near West Point bridge, and against which lawsuits have been started. He left with the intention of speedily settling the pressing claims in a manner satisfactory to all. The Pioneerette is doing some work. The Strimman claim, which was under bond to Mr. Hilary, has been rebounded to other parties, and is expected to start soon.

Killed by an Old Unexploded Charge

A miner known as Captain John Brown lost his life at the Nuner mine, near Mokelumne Hill last Friday evening in a singular manner. He was engaged in cleaning out an old drift, that had been caved in for two or three years. Another miner working in another portion of the mine, heard a blast, and could not give any explanation of it, as Brown was not engaged in work requiring the use of giant powder. He went to ascertain the cause, and found his comrade partially dismembered by an unexploded charge that he had struck and fired in his excavations. He lived only fifteen minutes. Dr. Endicott went over there, but the victim was dead before his arrival.

### Base Ball.

There was a base ball game at Jackson Gate last Sunday between the Jackson Gate boys, and the Jackson boys. The score was 9 to 2 in favor of the Jackson boys. The line up was as follows:

Jackson.  
Raggio, c  
Dickens, p  
Parano, 1 b  
Mounter, 2 b  
Hampton, 3 b  
Moulton, s s  
Mello, c f  
Ferrari, r f  
Spinetti, l f

Glavinich, r f  
Delahide, c  
E Boro, 3 b  
L Love, s s  
Schacht, l b  
Tucker, l f  
Dragovich, c f  
W Boro, p  
L Love, 2 b

### Died From Typhoid Fever.

Miss Anna Hartwick, a bright and interesting girl of 12, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hartwick, died at the home of her parents near Amador City, yesterday, of typhoid fever.

She was visiting in Jackson about three weeks ago, the guest of Mrs. Langhorst, and appeared at that time to be in perfect health. Upon her return home two weeks ago, the fever rapidly developed, and in spite of all medical aid and careful nursing, carried her to an untimely grave. Her father was in the mountains during her fatal sickness, and did not return until after her death.

### Whist Party.

Mrs. Frank Podesta gave a whist party to her young friends on Friday evening, August 10. Those present were: Misses Stella and Eva Gerolime of Sacramento, Vivian Kent, Annie Perovich, Emma and Louisa Cassinelli, Emma Piccardo, Julia Ginocchio and Emma Palmieri. Messrs. Philip Miller, Robert Devan, Gilbert Voorheis, Alec Ross, Pete Piccardo, Drew Caminetti, John, Frank, and Mark Eudey. Vivian Kent won the first prize for girls, and Robert Devan of the boys.

### For Constable.

The card of Geo. Tucker, announcing his candidacy for the office of constable in township one, subject to the decision of the republican nominating convention, will be found in another column. Mr. Tucker has been working in the mines around here for many years, and until recently an employee of the Kennedy. He is just the right man for constable, would make a wideawake, and efficient officer, has a host of friends, and we believe if he is given the opportunity to make the running, will land a winner by a big margin.

Ice cream at P. Coneo's to-morrow, and every day thereafter.

### Democratic Primaries.

The democratic primaries to elect delegates to the county convention which meets September 1, were held throughout the county on Tuesday evening. In Jackson there was very little interest taken. One polling place was provided for all five Jackson precincts, and that one was in the supervisors' room. There was no opposition to the regular machine ticket, so far as a hostile ticket is concerned, although the mutterings of many against the assumption of a clique to run party matters were loud and deep, showing a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with dictatorial methods. The same complaint is heard from the rank and file of both parties. The delegates elected from the Jackson precincts are as follows:

North Jackson—E. E. Endicott, Jas Meehan, W. K. McFarland, B. F. Gilbert, Wm. Carley, A. A. Maass, G. Quilich.

South Jackson—D. B. Spagnoli, W. L. Fortner, D. J. Murphy, William Doyle.

East Jackson—A. L. Hambrick, R. C. Rust, John Going, William Daley.

West Jackson—Wesley A. Stowers, H. S. Tallon, J. Coffman, T. M. Ryan.

Center Jackson—Wm. Penry R. C. Bole, L. J. Glavinich, E. W. Kelley, M. W. Dal Porto, V. F. Rocca.

### Vegetable Freak

Solari, the vegetable peddler of Mokelumne Hill, sent to this office a freak of the vegetable kingdom, the product of his garden at the Hill. It consists of an onion of large size weighing about half a pound. It was allowed to mature and run to seed. After sending out a stalk 20 inches high, the seeds were produced on top in the ordinary way. But the singular feature was that when the seeds repository was removed a bunch of four small onions was disclosed forming the top stalk. The onions, though small, and joined together were perfect in all respects, and edible as the parent onion. Mr. Solari says that during his long experience as a gardener, he has seen nothing like this freak of onion product below and above ground on the same stem.

### Hotel Arrivals.

National—A B Gyle, L A Sawyer, C H Belden, W F Duff, S Stiles, C H Shaw, L McLeod, L Mayers, O D Miner, Ed Warnecke, Nan Byrbee, E B Smith, San Francisco; J Rogers, J S Remock, E D Robinson, Sacramento; A M Vehenick, Milo Higley, G A Higley, Electra; Raymond M. Anna, Benj. P Morse, New York; F C Hammond, A Wessell, J Rutledge, Oakland; Mark Twain, Indianapolis; G W Machabee, Stockton; A Barrett, Berkeley.

Globe—C Allen, Sutter Creek; Hattie T Lewis, N S Schrader, E Clark, J T Jones, San Francisco; W H Sheets, S Row, Stockton; Chris Mann, Gwin mine; A Hocker, Jas McKelvey, Sacramento; V M Colt, Angels Camp; F Garbarini, Electra; J Sheridan, Lancha Plana; Wm Hauser and wife,



**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Fac Simile Signature of  
**Chas. H. Fletcher**  
NEW YORK

At 6 months old  
**35 DROPS = 35 CENTS**

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**For Infants and Children.**

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

**Chas. H. Fletcher**

**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**SNOWSLIDES OF ROCKIES.**

Every year the life of a miner in the high mountain regions is menaced by the avalanche or snowslide, and every year brings its list of casualties and of hairbreadth escapes. The story of snowslides would fill a book and would be a thrilling, tragic and in some cases a gruesome one.

Men have ridden hundreds of feet on the back of a snowslide and have escaped unhurt. Others have been caught and buried so deep and in such uncertain spots that their bodies have not been discovered until the melting of the snow in the following spring.

Some have been caught as they were walking, but a few steps from the boarding house to the mine, or while emptying a car on the mine dump, not infrequently men have found themselves temporarily imprisoned by the entrance of the mine being closed by a slide while they were at work and have had to dig their way out.

A Chinese cook at one of the Idaho mines stepped outside his kitchen door for a moment and was caught and buried with the slide 1,000 feet down the hillside and his body was not recovered till the following spring.

Such incidents denote the extreme suddenness, power and velocity of the slide. Little or no warning is given, a roar, a cloud of snow obscuring the sight of the real slide, and in a moment thousands of tons of snow, mingled with trees and debris, are shot down the gulch or the slope of a mountain as from the mouth of a cannon. In a few seconds all is over and the scenery of the little valley is completely changed.—Mines and Minerals.

**What a Letter Will Do.**

A proofreader, anent the importance of trifles, read from his notebook these absurd sentences, each made by the omission of a single letter:

"The conflict was dreadful and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter."

"When the president's wife entered the humble sitting room of the miner she was politely offered a hair."

"A man was yesterday arrested on the charge of having eaten a cabman for demanding more than his fare."

"An employee in the service of the government was accused of having stolen a small ox from the mail. The stolen property was found in his vest pocket."

**Observation.**

An observant man in all his intercourse with society and the world constantly and unperceived marks on every person and thing the figure of a man and the degree of his value, and, therefore, on meeting that person or thing, knows instantly what kind and degree of attention to give it. This is to make something of experience.—John Foster.

**Tamed Poetry.**

"I wish to submit a lyric, sir," said the timid young man. "My friends say it's a beauty—read it, sir, sing it."

"Humph!" said the cold hearted editor. "We couldn't use a poem like that. We want one that, once printed, will remain perfectly quiet and not keep our readers awake by singing itself at all times."

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern and to be dependent upon by as many inferior as it can reach.

The world which took but six days to make is like to take 6,000 to make out.—Browne.

"I ain't got no doubt," said Hiller, "but what I kin git that there job as consul in that place in England, I'd be a cinch too."

"Oh, yes," replied Peppery, "if you can learn to speak the language!"—Philadelphia Press.

Eloquent Stillness.

"What makes you think Bilkins is in love?"

"I was in the next room to him and his girl and overheard one of their silences."—Life.

**CASTORIA**

**For Infants and Children.**

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**

Slipped a Word.

From a recent examination paper on religious instruction at a boys' school: "Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the provocation of mankind!"—Punch.

**Kodol for Dyspepsia**

Digests what you eat.

**Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

**A Man Who Didn't Know How to Spell His Own Name**

[Original.]

My grandfather was a private in the Mexican war, and I got this story from him direct:

I was with that army which, under Scott, landed at Vera Cruz, and marched to the City of Mexico. In the battle of Chapultepec, I was killed. In the—th artillery regiment named Kelly, who was one of the best disciplinarians among noncommissioned officers I ever knew. Any man under his command must "toe the mark" or take the consequences. Kelly was an Irishman and had served in the British army. He was a natural soldier and, like most such, was not fitter for anything else.

At Vera Cruz a man who said that his parents were or had been Americans, though he had been born and had always lived in Mexico, wanted to enlist in the United States army. He spoke English with a broken Spanish accent, but any one under the circumstances would have done that. He was accepted, put in the battery with Kelly and fell under the sergeant's orders. The recruit gave his name as Gallagher, which denoted Irish extraction, and Kelly looked for him to have at least heard something about the Emerald Isle, but he was woefully ignorant of it. For this reason, possibly, the sergeant was not prepossessed in his favor and put on the screws of discipline in his case to the fullest extent. Gallagher bore the sergeant's severe rebukes at his ears at first with patience, but he looked as much like a Spaniard as an Irishman, and he could not miss pugnacious blood in either race. At any rate the sergeant worried him into a state of frenzy. We enlisted men thought we saw dislike for the recruit in Kelly and condemned him for taking advantage of his position to gratify his spite. There was one act that came under my observation which was unfair. He had noticed that Gallagher was especially indisposed to do "police duty"—that is, he winced at going about picking up old papers, cigar stumps and such like, and the sergeant detailed him for this duty oftener than he should have done.

Once when Gallagher had been detailed for the same ignoble work three days in succession he refused to serve. Hot words between him and Kelly resulted, and the affair ended by the recruit knocking the sergeant down. I saw this quarrel, and I made up my mind that Gallagher had drawn Irish fight with his mother's milk and Spanish fight with the atmosphere he had breathed from the day he was born. Brouned as he was by the sun of tropics, he looked under the spirit of rebellion more like a descendant of the Aztecs than the Irish and more like a Spaniard than either.

Instead of giving vent to rage, as he was bound to do by the traditions of his race, Kelly picked himself up and quietly called for a corporal of the guardhouse. It occurred to me that he had been trying to prod the man into mutiny in order to have the pleasure of penning him up. As Gallagher was marched away I noticed a peculiar expression on his face, an expression that denoted self condemnation. He was evidently much dissatisfied with himself for letting the sergeant get the better of him.

We marched next day, and Gallagher walked, with other prisoners, under guard. We soon came upon the Mexicans, and our little army deployed for a fight. The ordinary routine of army life vanishes with the sound of firing, and Gallagher was in it with the rest of us. I remember seeing one of the junior lieutenants telling him to "go in" and he would help him by testifying to the fact on his trial for mutiny. But that was the last I saw of the man. He disappeared under the fire, and after it was over no one saw him. He was among the missing. When I suggested that he had died the death of a soldier, Kelly's wrath exploded.

"Killed, the spalpeen! D'y'e be think in there was a bullet fired by the Mexicans that would 'a' touched the dirty spy?"

"What do you mean, sergeant?"

"Oh, go 'long wid yez. D'y'e think Oi wouldn't know any of the Gallagher's? The miserable Spaniard didn't even know how to spell his own Irish name."

We laughed at the sergeant's prejudice against the poor fellow, who must have been buried by those of another corps who didn't know him, and thought no more about the matter.

Our work had now commenced in earnest, and we had no time for anything but fighting till we had captured the City of Mexico. Our battery was a good deal cut up by the concentrated fire of several Mexican batteries on the heights of Chapultepec. Kelly vowed that the Aztec, as he had called Gallagher, had come back from purgatory and entered the body of the officer commanding the battery that had done us the most damage. When the fight was over Kelly went up the heights, and later we saw him coming back, with a body slung over his shoulder. When he reached the battery he threw a dead Mexican officer on the ground and exclaimed:

"O'Knew Old git 'im some time. It's the spalpeen that was spyin' on us under pretence of bein' a Gallagher. O'knew he was a spy, but Oi couldn't prove it."

There, true enough, was the body of the man who had called himself Gallagher in the uniform of a major of artillery in the Mexican army.

E. T. WARREN.

**Not to Be Trifled With.**

Love had just laughed at the lock-smith.

"Why don't you laugh at the milliner and the landlady and the grocer?" asked a bystander.

"Because," replied Love, "they always make me feel mighty serious."—Houston Post.

**Husbands.**

The woman who said that she knew her husband didn't drink because he drank so much water in the morning isn't in it with the woman who says that the reason her husband doesn't go to church is because he is already as good as he can be.—Detroit Free Press.

**Misunderstanding.**

"Hannah," said the mistress to her new girl, "you can take that brown serge dress of mine and put it in wash."

"Yes'm," said Hannah. "What's your fav'rite pawnbroker?"—London An.

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**Timid Nancy**

[Original.]

When I was appointed paymaster at the mills I was given a little shanty in the yard for an office. I wanted a safe, but they wouldn't give me one. The money was handed me in envelopes to pay out at once. I made a closet in the shanty with a lock and bolts so that if I must leave the money there for a short time I could lock it up. In lieu of a clerk I had a slip of a girl, Nancy O'Neil when she came to me was only fifteen, but she was bright, and I soon worked her in to relieving me in my accounts. She was a delicate, pale faced little thing, and I never felt it safe to leave her alone in the office with any cash there.

One day I went in to find Nancy on a chair looking frightened half out of her senses. It was the old story of woman's timidity, and there was a mouse in the room.

"Nancy," I said, "this won't do. I am obliged, as you know, to keep small sums of money in my desk, and we've got men at work we don't know much about. Suppose some rascal should come in here and help himself? I'm afraid I'll have to demand a man assistant."

I was fully minded to do what I said, but Nancy begged so hard that I promised to do nothing in the matter for awhile long, though I was determined to bring the matter up at the beginning of the next week when all such changes were made.

One Saturday afternoon I received the pay envelopes for the week and took them to my office. I was about starting out with them when I received an order to go at once to the president's office. Meanwhile one of the principal directors had come in to talk over some important matter with him, and when I arrived I was told to wait. I had left the pay envelopes in a big drawer in my desk. I would have put them in the closet, but I had been checking them off with Nancy, and they were scattered over the desk, and not daring to keep the president waiting, I opened the drawer, scraped them into it, locked it and told Nancy I would be back in a few minutes.

While I was waiting I thought about the money in the desk, but nothing had ever happened, and I didn't worry much.

At last the president summoned me into his private office and told me that they had taken up the matter of expenses for the coming year, and as the profits were disappointing to the stockholders he had decided to retrench. A number of the less important employees were to be dropped, and I must get along without Nancy. This let me out of the responsibility of sending her away, so I said nothing and hurried back to my office, my mind occupied with how I should break the news to her.

When I entered Nancy was looking out of the window watching for me. I determined to get the unpleasant duty off my mind at once and commenced to tell her that her services would be no longer needed. She tried to stop me, but I raised my voice above hers and finished what I had to say. To my surprise she didn't seem to pay any attention to the matter, waiting till I had told my story; then, coming near, she whispered:

"There's a man in the closet."

"A man?"

"Yes. He must have seen the cashier's clerk come in with the envelopes, and he's been waiting for you to come in and tell me that if I didn't give them to him he'd kill me. I had to make up my mind pretty quick what I would do, for, you see, I'm only a girl, and he looked so fierce and held a knife at my throat."

"Well?" I interrupted impatiently.

"I know that if I didn't do something right off—"

"Cut it short!" I cried fiercely. "Is the money gone?"

"I told him that if he'd look in the closet I didn't need to tell a lie, and I didn't need to, for I'd only got that far when he ran into the closet, and I shut the door on him and locked and bolted it."

The first thing I did was to take a glance at the envelopes; the second was to pick Nancy up and give her such a hug that she cried out; then I dropped her and gave an alarm. Several persons came running in, and I told one of them to go and tell the president that the men's week's pay was in jeopardy and to come at once. In two minutes he was there. Then, with a revolver in one hand, I opened the closet door with the other, and a man came slinking out. He was one we had taken on a few weeks before and had come on purpose to rob.

"That little girl," I said, pointing, "has saved the company \$16,000."

"How did you do it?" asked the president.

Nancy told her story, evidently quite surprised that she had done anything remarkable. When she had finished the president turned away, saying:

"Keep him for the police. Come and see me tomorrow morning, Nancy."

When Nancy called the president offered her a good salary, but I had forestalled him by giving her another if not a better job. She was to run my home as my wife. However, not to be outdone, he turned to his desk and wrote her a check for \$1,000 for a wedding present.

I now have a fighting man with me in the office.

WILLIAM G. STEARNS.

**A VERY PROPER WOMAN**

By C. B. Lewis

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

As a child little Hannah Wray was very proper. As a young girl she was even more proper still. As a young lady, even her very proper father, Deacon Wray, and her very proper mother, his wife, never had to criticize or caution. As Hannah kept adding years to her age and was finally spoken of as an old maid her proper father and mother died, and she went to live with her brother Dan.

Dan was hard headed and hard working and not at all a proper person from some points of view, but that did not affect Hannah any. She had been left \$3,000 in cash, had never had a beau nor read a love story, and she felt that all she had to do in this world was to keep right on being proper.

One day another proper young woman came to call on Hannah. She wasn't quite as proper as Miss Wray, for she had once permitted a young man to walk home from church with her, but she was trying her best to be forgiven by society for that sin.

When she departed she left a circular on the floor, and Hannah picked it up and gave it a careless look. A moment later she was turning pale and gasping for breath. Two minutes later she was upstairs in her room and blushing as she read. It was a circular from a matrimonial bureau.

Notwithstanding her propriety, Hannah had heard of such things, but only to be horrified. She was horrified now. She was also interested. She was horrified that her caller should be in receipt of such literature and interested to know if men and women did really get married through such agencies.

For five minutes she refused to read further than the heading. Then she looked all around her room, gave a shudder and proceeded to devour every word. She even read the circular twice over. It was a call to all those in love to send on 50 cents and receive the names of three persons, with whom they might correspond. On the books of the agency, so it was stated, were the names of heiresses and wealthy widows pining for husbands, as well as widowers with millions and young men needing wives to help them take care of inheritances. The reader was assured that there were governors, senators and railroad presidents making use of the agency.

Hannah Wray found her heart beating faster as she read, and when she glanced at the glass she found that she was blushing. Her first thought was to rush after her friend and restore the circular and cut her acquaintance forevermore. Her second was to keep the circular and read it over again. Of course she acted on second thought. She did more than that. She allowed her mind to dwell on it and romance to creep over her unromantic soul, and after two or three days she could read it without blushing.

That should be the end, however. Never, never would she permit herself to send away 50 cents and receive the names. She stuck to this resolution for three days, and then she sent off the money. It was the first letter she had ever written to any one except a relative. It was the first time in two years she had visited the village post office. The day the letter was mailed Dan Wray's wife said to him as he was milking the cow in the barn:

"Say, Dan, something is wrong with Hannah."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"She's got something on her mind. Two or three times today I've caught her looking in the glass and acting queer. I'm not quite sure of it, but I have a feeling that when she went downtown it was to post a letter. What do you think it is?"

"I know she had mumps, measles and the chicken pox the same time I did," replied Dan after thinking things over, "and she can't be coming down with any of those."

"Of course not. Didn't I say I caught her acting queer?"

"And what's that?"

"Why, twisting herself and simpering and trying to blush."

"Well, what's that the sign of?"

"Dan Wray, you don't know beans when the hair's untied. It means that Hannah is in love. Yes, sir; old as she is, she's either in love or wants to be, and it's our duty to keep an eye on her."

"Well, let her love," answered Dan as he turned to his milking, and that settled matters, as far as he was concerned, for a little while.

In due time Hannah received a reply to her letter. She had described herself as single, moderately wealthy and good tempered, and the agency had sent her the names of three rich and eligible bachelors. If the old maid hadn't been so proper she would have opened correspondence with all three of them. As it was, she decided that one was enough. She didn't even decide that until she had struggled with her feelings for three long days.

Curiosity and romance finally got the better of prudence and propriety, and her letter was duly mailed. During the next five or six days she gave herself away to her sister-in-law in fifty different ways, and even the hard headed brother was compelled to notice that a change had taken place.

"What do you think it is, Dan?" asked the wife as he sat on the milk stool again.

"Durned if I know, Lucy. Has Dea-

**The Nature of an Oath.**

Some years ago a case was on trial before the judge of a court in a city adjoining Boston in which among the numerous witnesses for the defense was a decidedly ignorant, unpolished and shiftless looking colored man named Jones, who was to testify as to an alibi.

He was finally called, and the usual oath was to be administered, when the attorney for the prosecution arose and addressed his honor, suggesting that Mr. Jones be interrogated as to his understanding of the solemnity of an oath. The judge therefore asked the witness if he understood the nature of an oath, to which he replied, "Yes, sah."

"Well," said his honor, "what is it?" To which Mr. Jones immediately replied, "When you tell a lie, stick to it."—Boston Herald.

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" Half sheets " - 2.00

## Magazine Section.

### DIVA OF GRAND OPERA.

**SIMPLE LIFE FOR MRS. JULIAN  
STORY WHEN SEASON IS OVER  
FOR EMMA EAMES.**

Noted Singer Files to Husband at  
Italian Home as Soon as Last Note  
of Contract Season Falls from Her  
Golden Throat.

There are thousands of Madame  
Emma Eames' admirers who, hearing  
her sing this season, will think they  
know her well. They will have seen  
her in the trailing robes of Juliet, or  
the simple gown of Marguerite; dark-  
skinned as Aida or fair and white as  
the young bride, Elsa. They will find  
in her a neighbor, giving plenty of  
heart and strength and personality to  
those who weep or thrill as they listen.  
Sympathy is meat and drink to the  
singer; but, in the spring when the big  
theater home of her triumphs is  
closed, Madame Emma Eames flies to  
Vallombrosa where sympathy awaits.

As soon as she reaches her Italian  
estate she becomes Mrs. Julian Story.  
It is the beginning of the simple life;  
of household duties and dairy superin-  
tendence; of the friendship of little  
chickens, new puppies and old ponies,  
of favorite flowers in a personal gar-  
den, and the companionship of a  
husband.

Mrs. Story was reared in New Eng-  
land; Mr. Story in Rome. They have  
a luxurious house in Paris, but it is  
this sunny mountain slope in Italy  
that awakens a responsive throb when  
the home longing is keen and the ap-  
plause of the public fails to reach the  
heart.

### OLD VALLOMBROSA MONASTERY.

Many years ago, W. W. Story,  
traveling for his health in Italy  
found the beauty of the Appenines  
to culminate in the stretch of land  
known as Vallombrosa. The monas-  
tery of the name, founded in the tenth

"It's simply fine in you to come.  
Have some seltzer!" cried the lady. A  
hearty laugh from the group on the  
terrace broke in upon her greeting and  
made her call hastily: "Don't tell any  
stories about me. Let us go over  
there," she said, rising, "one can never  
afford to miss a good laugh, and Ger-  
man dialect is too rare on these pre-  
mises to be slighted. I often wish that I  
had one of my own, or that Joe Weber,  
Lew Fields or Sam Bernard could hear  
some of the attempts at English that  
reach my ears during the opera season.  
As it is, I can only enjoy them for a  
moment and repeat them afterward to  
some one who can perpetuate the in-  
cident. Oh! we have droll times."

Mrs. Story has a keen sense of hu-  
mor, and quite loses herself as she  
listens to a group of story-tellers. Un-  
like most strong personalities, she  
does not rob those around her of poise  
and ease, but possesses the rare fac-  
ulty of bringing out the very best that  
is in them.

After dinner that wonderful even-  
ing music came in for its share. The  
last Wagnerian production to the popu-  
lar songs of the season was the range.  
A fragment of "Tammany" was sung  
by that voice which will go down in  
history, and the chorus was taken up  
in many keys by the dinner guests.  
All had heard the voice before, but it  
was not Madame Eames of Grand Opera  
who sang. It was Mrs. Julian Story  
singing to her friends.

### From Above the Clouds.

The view of a storm-cloud from above  
is one of the most interesting sights  
ever beheld by man. According to a  
famous aeronaut, a storm view from  
that position has the appearance of  
a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow.  
The falling of the rain can be distinct-  
ly heard, making a noise like a water-  
fall over a precipice. The thunder  
heard above the storm-cloud is not  
loud, and the flashes of lightning ap-

### JUVENILE GARDENING.

**JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION HAS A  
MODEL SCHOOL GARDEN OF  
A HUNDRED BOYS.**

Practical Demonstrations by Depart-  
ment of Agriculture and Various  
States—Landscapes Improvements  
and Beautifications.

Among the many novel features at  
the Jamestown Exposition is the gar-  
den work by school children. One  
hundred boys from the public schools  
of Norfolk, Newport News and Hamp-  
ton, near the Exposition grounds, were  
selected by their teachers to carry out  
the plans for a school garden at the  
Exposition. Special trolley cars con-  
veyed these young gardeners and their

builder will find worthy of following.  
This fence is eight feet high, made of  
several strands of wire, and running  
over the wire in every direction, com-  
pletely covering it, are vines of honey-  
suckle, crimson rambler, rose and  
trumpet creeper, making what seems to  
be an immense hedge of flowering  
vines.

**HOME IMPROVEMENTS.**  
If the Exposition results in imbuing  
its many thousand visitors with the  
spirit of home improvement and with  
a determination to go back home and  
make of their own towns, or houses  
and grounds models of beauty and con-  
venience, it will go far toward proving  
a national success.

Rustic benches and bridges, pretty  
walks under canopies of vines and  
flowers, shady lanes and streets and  
a thousand other interesting things at  
the Exposition are studies for the peo-  
ple, worthy of the most careful at-  
tention. It will not be an exposition



THE 1000 YEAR OLD POWHATAN OAK.

teachers to the grounds, April 16, 1906,  
and under direction of Warren H.  
Manning, landscape designer of the  
Exposition, every boy was assigned to  
a small plot of ground in the garden  
and was given seeds to plant and in-  
structions how to plant them. In these  
gardens are now growing beans, peas,  
parsnips, carrots, marshmallow,  
parsley and other vegetables. They are  
attended by their little gardeners and  
are kept clean and free from weeds,  
most of the boys taking a special pride  
in their gardens.

This is but a preliminary training  
for the schoolchildren in gardening, a  
trial heat, as it were, for the race next  
year. The actual work is to be taken  
up at the Jamestown Exposition next  
spring.

### PRIZES FOR BEST GARDENS.

Those who have made a success of  
their gardens this season will be given  
preference next year and will have  
their same gardens. The Exposition  
Company will give prizes or medals for  
the best cultivated garden on the  
Exposition grounds and the young  
gardeners will be given some valu-  
able lessons in agriculture. The U. S.  
Department of Agriculture and some  
of the state departments will have ex-  
perimental stations and gardens at  
the Exposition as object lessons to  
the young as well as older gardeners.

The young minds among the visitors  
which have a bent toward agricultural  
pursuits will have an opportunity to  
learn much of value in the way of til-  
ling the soil. They will learn when to  
plant, what to plant and how to plant,  
to get the best results. They will  
also be given an opportunity to study  
soils and their treatment, and how to  
enrich and improve them. Tree plant-  
ing and transplanting will constitute  
another phase of Uncle Sam's object  
lessons, as are done at other govern-  
ment experimental stations. At the  
St. Louis Exposition Uncle Sam's gar-  
dens and the children's gardens proved  
exceedingly interesting as well as in-  
structive to the farmers who were  
wise enough to appreciate the bene-  
fits to be derived from them. At the  
Jamestown Exposition it is expected  
the Agricultural Department will  
broaden its scope of instructions in  
many ways and surpass its efforts at  
St. Louis.

### WILD WOODS BECOME PARKS.

The landscape gardening which has  
transformed a wild woods into one of  
the most beautiful scenic parks, will  
also serve as an object lesson to farm-  
ers and all who have grounds to beau-  
tify with flowers, shrubs, and trees.  
More than a million plants and trees  
are growing on the Exposition  
grounds, many of which have been  
transplanted; others are native to the  
soil. Among the trees transplanted  
were several hundred old trees, some  
comprising an apple orchard, whose  
trees were removed and planted  
around the thirty-acre drill plain on  
the grounds. These and the pines,  
cedars, dogwoods and other trees have  
not suffered by being transplanted.  
Even trees which were hauled many  
miles over land and water and plant-  
ed on the Exposition grounds are  
thrifty. They have all been handled  
under the guidance of landscape engi-  
neers. The work has been done sci-  
entifically and skillfully. The results are  
seen in the fine condition of the trees.  
The arrangement of trees, flowers  
and plants of all kinds, in various  
parts of the Exposition grounds can  
be studied to great advantage by all  
landscape gardeners, and the unique  
fence of wire and flowering vines, is  
a study worth going miles to see, a  
magnificent model which every fence

of commercialism, but one showing the  
beauties of nature and the value of  
science in peace as well as in war.

### RELICS OF JAMESTOWN.

**Site of Exposition Battleground of  
Conflicts Between Early Settlers  
and Indians.**

Of all the Smiths who have ever  
lived, Captain John is becoming the  
most famous, due to the prominence  
given to his doings, incident to the  
Jamestown Exposition. The romantic  
days of Pocahontas and Captain John  
Smith are vividly recalled by the old  
Indian and frontiersmen's relics which  
have been dug up in preparing the  
ground for the Jamestown Exposition.  
The site selected for the celebration  
of the three hundredth an-iversary of  
the first permanent English settlement  
in America was once an Indian village  
occupied by the Powhatans, the most  
powerful tribe of the early American  
Indians, who roamed over the country  
east of the Ohio River several cen-  
turies ago.

Near the State Exhibits Building  
stands a majestic live oak tree, the  
"Powhatan Oak," estimated to be  
nearly 1,000 years old, which was a  
favorite camping ground of the In-  
dians before America was discovered  
by the Palefaces. Here were held  
councils of war when the only weap-  
ons in use were stone hatchets, stone  
war clubs, spears with stone points  
and bows and arrows. The arrow-  
heads used were made of flint, chipped  
down to a cutting edge, almost as  
sharp as a knife, every arrow head  
representing many hours of hard and  
patient toil. Scores of these flint ar-  
row-heads are being found on the Ex-  
position ground, in excavating for  
streets and buildings. Some of them  
are broken, perhaps by striking some  
foe of the Indians in battle or some  
wild animal—in those days the woods  
about Hampton Roads were alive with  
deer, bear and other animals. At Se-  
well's Point where these relics are  
found were fought bloody battles be-  
tween the early English settlers and  
the Indians and, according to old In-  
dian traditions, this was also the  
battle ground on which warring In-  
dian tribes desperately contended for  
the right of domain, long before the  
occurrence of the historic event which  
the Jamestown Exposition commemo-  
rates. The valuable fisheries of what  
are now called Hampton Roads and  
Chesapeake Bay, the beautiful hunt-  
ing grounds along the water courses  
and the many attractions peculiar to  
this locality made this particular  
point of land very desirable, and for  
its possessions Indian tribes warred  
with one another. Now, after cen-  
turies have gone by and the old In-  
dian nations that once controlled this  
region have passed away, their an-  
cient battle fields have been trans-  
formed into a magnificent interna-  
tional exposition ground, just outside the  
corporate limits of the city of Norfolk,  
Virginia.

### Want Industrial Training.

Resolutions were recently adopted  
at the closing sessions of the Ameri-  
can Institute of Instruction at New  
Haven favoring the installing of in-  
dustrial departments in every effi-  
cient school system. The institute also  
placed itself on record as holding that  
in view of recent developments of dis-  
honesty in high places and of the in-  
crease of crime in different directions,  
it is the duty of the teachers to per-  
sistently train the American youth in  
honesty, integrity, and uprightness.

### FARM HIGH SCHOOL.

**GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN EDUCA-  
TIONAL METHODS IN THRIV-  
ING KANSAS TOWN.**

Consolidation of the Sod-House  
Schools into a Large and Well  
Equipped High School—Students  
Imbibe the Spirit of Village Improv-  
ement.

Actual examples of successes—of  
things that already have been done—  
are more convincing than a thousand  
plausible arguments to prove what pos-  
sibly can be done. The Department of  
Agriculture cites a case in Kansas,  
showing the practical operation of a  
county high school, which has done  
much for Norton County, and which,  
if faithfully worked out, in other in-  
stances, would give a tremendous im-  
petus to any other county in any  
state.

Kansas has local option in the es-  
tablishment of county high schools.  
As a result several sparsely settled  
counties or counties in which there  
are few large towns are supporting  
such schools. Norton County, which a  
few years ago was dotted with sod  
school houses, and which still has  
many sod dwelling houses, now sup-  
ports a good county high school in the  
village of Norton, a town of 1500 in-  
habitants, located near the geographi-  
cal center of the county. The high  
school building is of brick, 2 stories  
high, over a well lighted basement,  
and is located on the outskirts of the  
village, where land can be easily se-  
cured. The basement contains fur-  
nace and fuel rooms, lavatories, and a  
gymnasium. On the first floor is a  
physics and chemistry room, a natural  
history room, a music and art room,  
and the rooms of the business depart-  
ment. The second floor contains an  
assembly and study room and two re-  
citation rooms. The apparatus and  
other equipment for the work in phis-  
ics, chemistry, and natural history  
are exceptionally good for a small high  
school. There is also a good library  
and a reading room with current news-  
papers and magazines.

The expense of running the school  
in 1903-4 was \$9,588, including \$4,430  
for teachers' salaries and \$5,158 for  
buildings, grounds, and incidentals.  
This was a year when considerable  
sums were spent for furniture, appar-  
atus, supplies, and additional land. The  
running expenses for the first six  
months in 1905 were \$3,775. Hereto-  
fore five teachers have been employed,  
but this year there are six.

### NO FARMING TAUGHT.

Previous to this year the Norton  
County High School has offered college  
preparatory, normal, business and gen-  
eral science courses, but no course re-  
lated in any direct way to the leading  
industry of the county—farming. The  
county superintendent of schools said  
that his attention had been forcibly  
directed to this lack in the curriculum  
of the high school by the experience  
of a young man who came to the school  
from one of the many large farms in  
the vicinity, took the four-year busi-  
ness course, spent one year in a local  
bank at \$30 a month, and then con-

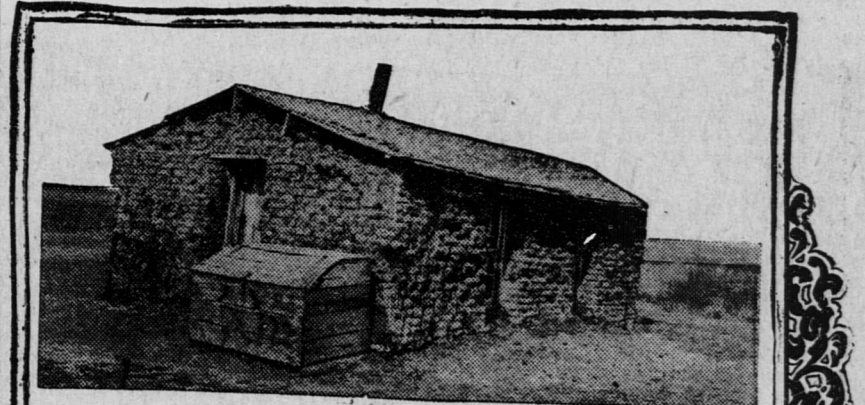
the country for eight days in the in-  
terests of the new course of study.  
As a result, considerable interest was  
aroused in the proposed new work,  
a tentative agricultural course was out-  
lined, and arrangements were made  
with the three farm implement dealers  
of the town to open their warehouses  
to the classes in agriculture and fur-  
nish experts to give instruction on the  
mechanics, care, and use of farm ma-  
chinery.

### STARTING IN AGRICULTURE.

The agricultural work of the course  
includes botany, with special reference  
to variation, development of species,  
hybridization, and the influence of  
light, heat, moisture, etc., on the plant;  
soils and tillage; plant physiology,  
farm crops, grain judging, and horti-  
culture; farm accounts; farm manage-  
ment, including farm plans, methods  
of cropping, farm machinery and its  
care, and rural economies with spe-  
cial reference to the problems of a  
business nature that will be met on the  
farm; animal production and stock  
judging, and dairying. The teacher of  
agriculture reports that the implement  
dealers have given further evidence  
of their interest in the agricultural  
course by offering prizes aggregating  
\$112 in value for a grain-judging  
contest, open to all young men in the  
county, and that these prizes have  
been supplemented by a \$15 suit of  
clothes from a clothing dealer. Con-  
tinuing, he says: "I am well pleased  
with the way the boys take hold of  
the work. Out of 70 boys we have 9  
enrolled in the agricultural course, and  
I think most of the first-year boys will  
take it up when they get to it in the  
course. It is proving popular in the  
school and entirely free from the pre-  
judice I had anticipated at the outset."

This is the nucleus of an important  
experiment in education. Norton is  
just in the edge of the great semiarid  
region of the Middle West. Agricul-  
tural practice in that region differs ma-  
terially from that of the more humid  
regions on the one hand and from  
that of the irrigated districts on the  
other. The teacher of agriculture is  
thoroughly familiar with the agricul-  
ture of the region, and has but recent-  
ly graduated from an agricultural col-  
lege which is devoting much study to  
the problems of the hundredth meridi-  
an belt. The agriculture of this belt is  
extensive. Here one man works as  
much land as four or five men in the  
East; he cultivates three rows of corn  
at one crossing of the field, and does  
other things on an equally extensive  
scale. Improved farm machinery makes  
this method of farming possible. It  
is therefore of the greatest importance  
that much attention to farm machinery  
be given in the agricultural course  
at the Norton County High School.  
The cereals (corn and wheat) are the  
leading field crops, hence the impor-  
tance of grain-judging contests and  
other school work relating to these  
great staples.

The county superintendent of schools  
has expressed the hope that the school  
may also do much work that will be  
of immediate practical benefit to the  
agriculture of the country, such as  
testing seeds for viability, or germin-  
ating power, and milk and cream for  
butter fat; treating oats and wheat



THE LAST  
SOD  
SCHOOL  
HOUSE  
IN  
NORTON  
COUNTY,  
KANSAS.

COUNTY  
HIGH  
SCHOOL  
BUILDING,  
NORTON,  
KANSAS.



cluded that he would gain in both  
pursue and pleasure by going back to  
the farm. Such a young man, and  
there are many like him in the Norton  
County High School, would have wel-  
comed an agricultural course, and  
would have gone back to the farm  
much better prepared for the duties of  
life than he was with a business train-  
ing. So the county superintendent of  
schools and the other members of the  
board of trustees decided that an  
agricultural course should take the  
place of the general science course, and  
hire a graduate of the Kansas State  
Agricultural College to teach agricul-  
ture and other sciences in the high  
school. Secretary Wilson of Agricul-  
ture, while making a trip through the  
"short-grass country," learned of the  
enterprise, became much interested in  
it, and in response to an appeal for  
aid sent a representative of the Office  
of Experiment Stations to Norton to  
help start it. The president of the  
Kansas State Agricultural College also  
responded to a call for assistance and  
made one of a party of four that toured

for smut and potatoes for scab; spray-  
ing trees and garden crops for insect  
pests and diseases, and making plans  
for farm buildings, roads, water sys-  
tems, etc. Such work could be done  
largely by the pupils at school or on  
the different farms on Saturdays. It  
would be educational and at the same  
time would make the farmers feel  
that they were getting some immediate  
tangible return for the taxes paid in  
support of the school.

### The Homer Pigeon.

The homer pigeon, when traveling,  
seldom feeds, and if the distance to its  
home be long, it arrives thin, exhaust-  
ed, and almost dying. If corn be pre-  
sented to it, it refuses to eat, con-  
tending itself with drinking a little  
water, and then sleeping. Two or  
three hours later it begins to eat with  
great moderation, and sleeps again  
immediately afterwards. If its flight  
has been very prolonged the pigeon  
will proceed in this manner for forty-  
eight hours before recovering its nor-  
mal mode of feeding.



MADAME EMMA EAMES.  
A Popular Favorite of Grand Opera.

century, was in the hands of a few  
monks. The scattering of the monastic  
order was the first of innovations. The  
locality, famed for its health-giving  
properties, offers peace and immunity  
from the world, in a few hotels and  
sanitoriums. Two or three American  
millionaires have erected summer  
homes on near-by hill tops and several  
families of the aristocracy of Florence  
spend the hot months here in feudal  
strongholds.

The shooting box of the ancient  
Medici family, where the American  
poet lived and died, is occupied by his  
daughter; and Julian Story, because  
the spot is endeared to him through  
his father's memory, has built on a  
farm of many acres a great square  
tower and hall. Campiglioni is the  
farm, and Torre Di Campiglioni is  
the home, which signifies the happy  
abode of art and good fellowship.

Mr. Story paints pictures, and  
spends his energy wherever his por-  
trait commissions may take him while  
his wife is singing. To the visiting  
friend of the singer the 20 mile trip  
from Florence was a fitting approach  
to her beautiful retreat. The road  
which eventually led up to the terrace  
of Il Torre was tied in bowknots, and  
worked out like a puzzle. The puzzle  
was solved, however, and in the open  
living room or "loggia," Mr. Story  
gave me hearty welcome.

### ENTIRELY DEMOCRATIC.

The girl who had been separated  
by professional etiquette from the great  
singer, looked forward with some ap-  
prehension to meeting a divinity in  
sweeping sun-embroidered velvet drap-  
eries. Soon Mrs. Story came out in a  
white duck skirt and a drawwork  
waist.

pear like streaks of intensely white  
light on the surface of the gray-colored  
vapor.

### JOHN WESLEY'S "POEM."

**Representative J. W. Gaines of Ten-  
nessee, Created Roars of Amuse-  
ment in the House, During  
Closing Days of Session by  
Reciting "When Democ-  
racy Will Die."**

"When the lions eat grass like an ox,  
And the fisherman swallows the whale;  
When the terrapins knit woolen socks,  
And the hare is outrun by the snail;  
When serpents walk upright like men,  
And doodle bugs travel like frogs;  
When the grasshopper feeds on the hen,  
And feathers are found on the hog;  
When Thomas cats swim in the air,  
And elephants roost upon trees;  
When insects in summer are rare,  
And snuff never makes people sneeze;  
When the fish creep over dry land,  
And mules on velocipedes ride;  
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,  
And women in dress take no pride;  
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,  
And girls get to 'preaching' on time;  
When the billy goat butts from the rear,  
And treason no longer is crime;  
When the humming bird brays like an ass,  
And limburger smells like cologne;  
When plowshares are made out of glass,  
And hearts of Tennesseans are stone;  
When sense grows in Republican heads,  
And wool on the hydraulic ram;  
Then the Democratic party will be dead,  
And this country not worth a —"

In the Friends' burial grounds, in  
Salem, N. J., there stands the largest  
oak tree in the State and possibly the  
largest in the United States. It is now  
used as the "trade mark" of the New  
Jersey Forestry Association.





CHAPTER XV.

The Prince with his English and Gascon army moved swiftly southward in battle array and Sir Nigel having recruited his ranks with the two hundred members of the original White Company, from the woods near Montepesard, joined the army and received the honorable commission from the Prince, to push ahead into Spain and discover the location and strength of the Spanish and French army under King Henry of Transtamare. The little band wound through the passes of Navarre and into the rugged land of Spain.

Sir Nigel had with him Sir William Felton, Sir Oliver Buttershott, stout old Sir Simon Burley, the Scotch knight errant, the Earl of Angus, and Sir Richard Causton, all accounted among the bravest knights in the army, together with sixty veteran men-at-arms, and three hundred and twenty archers. Spies had been sent out in the morning, and returned after night-fall to say that the King of Spain was encamped some fourteen miles off in the direction of Burgos, having with him twenty thousand horse and forty-five thousand foot. A dry-wood fire had been lit, and round this the leaders crouched, the glare beating upon their rugged faces, while the hardy archers lounged and chatted amid the tethered horses, while they munched their scanty provisions.

"For my part," said Sir Simon Burley, "I am of the opinion that we have already done that which we have come for. For do we not now know where the King is, and how great a following he hath, which was the end of our journey?"

"True," answered Sir William Felton, "but I have come on this venture because it is a long time since I have broken a spear in war, and, certes, I shall not go back until I have run a course with some cavalier of Spain."

"I will not leave you, Sir William," returned Sir Simon Burley; "and yet, as an old soldier and one who hath seen much of war, I cannot but think that it is an ill thing for four hundred men to find themselves between an army of sixty thousand on the one side and a broad river on the other."

"Yet," said Sir Richard Causton, "we cannot for the honor of England go back without a blow struck."

"Nor for the honor of Scotland," cried the Earl of Angus, "either." "By Saint Paul," have spoken very well," said Sir Nigel, "and I have always heard that there were very worthy gentlemen among the Scots, and fine skirmishing to be had upon their border. Betthink you, Sir Simon, that we have this news from the lips of common spies, who can scarce tell us as much of the enemy and of his forces as the prince would wish to hear."

"All night," they led their horses, stumbling and groping through wild defiles and rugged valleys, following the guidance of a frightened peasant who was strapped by the wrist to Black Simon's stirrup-leather. With the early dawn they found themselves in a dark ravine, with others sloping away from it on either side, and the bare brown crags rising in long bleak terraces all round them.

"If it please you, fair lord," said Black Simon; "this man hath misled us, and since there is no tree upon which we may hang him, it might be well to hurl him over yonder cliff."

The peasant, reading the soldier's meaning in his fierce eyes and harsh accents dropped upon his knees, screaming loudly for mercy.

"How comes it, dog?" asked Sir William Felton in Spanish. "Where is this camp to which you swore you would lead us?"

"By the sweet Virgin! By the blessed Mother of God!" cried the trembling peasant, "I swear to you that in the darkness I have myself lost the path, I—"

"At the instant, there rose the scream of a hundred bugles, with the deep rolling of drums and the clashing of cymbals, all sounding together in one deafening uproar. Knights and archers sprang to arms, convinced that some great host was upon them; but the guide dropped upon his knees and thanked Heaven for its mercies.

"We have found them, caballeros!" he cried. This is their morning call."

As he spoke he scrambled down one of the narrow ravines, and, climbing over a low ridge at the further end, he led them into a short valley with a stream purling down the centre of it, and a very thick growth of elder and box upon either side. Pushing their way through the dense brushwood, they came upon a scene which made their hearts beat harder and their breath come faster.

In front of them lay a broad plain, watered by two winding streams and covered with grass, stretching away to where, in the furthest distance, the towers of Burgos bristled up against the light blue morning sky. Over all this vast meadow there lay a great city of tents—thousands upon thousands of them, laid out in streets and squares like a well-ordered town. High silken pavilions of colored margarets, shooting up from among the tents, marked the dwellings of the great lords and barons of Leon and Castile, displayed their standards, while over the white roofs, as far as eye could reach, the waving of ancient pavilions, pennants, and banners, with flash of gold and glow of colors, proclaimed that all the chivalry of Iberia were mustered in the plain beneath them. Far off, in the centre of the camp, a huge palace of red and white, with the royal arms of Castile waving from the summit, announced that the gallant Henry lay there in the midst of his warriors.

As the English adventurers, peeping out from behind their brushwood screen, looked down upon this wondrous sight, they could see that the vast army in front of them was already afoot. The first pink light of the rising sun glittered upon the steel caps and breast-plates of dense masses of slingers and crossbowmen, who drilled and marched in the spaces which had been left for their exercise. A thousand columns of smoke reeked up into the morning air where the faggots were piled and the camp-kettles already simmering. In the open plain, clouds of light horse galloped and swooped with swaying bodies and waving lances, after the fashion which the Spanish had adopted from their Moorish enemies. All along by the sedge banks of the rivers long lines of pages led their masters' chargers down to water, while the knights themselves lounged in gayly-dressed groups about the doors of their pavilions, or rode out, with their falcons upon their wrists and

their greyhounds behind them, in quest of quail or leveret.

The leaders sat amongst the boxwood, and took counsel together as to what they should do; while from below the surges of the buzz of voices, the shouting of the neighbors of horses, and all the uproar of a great camp.

"What boots it to wait?" said Sir William Felton. "Let us ride down upon their camp before they discover us."

"And so say I," cried the Scottish earl; for they do not know that there is any enemy within thirty long leagues of them."

"For my part," said Sir Simon Burley, "I think that it is madness, for you cannot hope to rout this great army; and where are you to go and what are you to do when they have turned upon you?"

"By Saint Paul," said Sir Nigel, "I have a plan by which we may attempt some small deed upon them, and yet, by the help of God, may be able to draw off again; which, as Sir Simon Burley hath said, would be scarce possible in any other way."

"How then, Sir Nigel?" asked several voices.

"We shall lie here all day; for amid this brushwood it is ill for them to see us. Then when evening comes we shall sally out upon them and see if we may not gain some honorable advancement from them. We shall have nightfall to cover us when we draw off so that we may make our way back through the mountains. I would station a score of archers here in the pass, with all our pennons jutting forth from the rocks, and as many nakirs and drums and bugles as we have with us, so that those who follow us in the fading light, may think that the whole army of the prince is upon them, and fear to go further. What think you of my plan, Sir Simon?"

"By my troth! I think very well of it," cried the prudent old commander. "If our hundred men must needs run a tilt against sixty thousand, I cannot see how they can do it better or more safely."

"And so say I," cried Felton, heartily. "But I wish the day were over, for it will be an ill thing for us if they chance to light upon us."

The words were scarce out of his mouth when there came a clatter of loose stones, the sharp clink of trotting hoofs, and a dark-faced cavalier, mounted upon a white horse, burst through the bushes and rode swiftly down the valley from the end which was farthest from the Spanish camp.

Lightly armed, with his vizor open and a hawk perched upon his left wrist, he looked about him with the careless air of a man who is bent wholly upon pleasure, and unconscious of the possibility of danger. Suddenly, however, his eyes lit upon the fierce faces which glared out at him from the brushwood.

With a cry of terror, he thrust his spurs into his horse's sides, and dashed for the narrow opening of the gorge. For a moment it seemed as though he would have reached it, for he had trampled over or dashed aside the archers who threw themselves in his way; but Hordle John seized him by the foot in his grasp of iron and dragged him from the saddle, while two others caught the frightened horse.

"Ho, ho!" roared the great archer. "How many cows wilt buy my mother, if I set thee free?"

"Hush that bull's bellowing!" cried Sir Nigel impatiently. "Bring the man here. By Saint Paul! it is not the first time that we have met; for, if I mistake not, it is Don Diego Alvarez, who was once at the prince's court."

"It is indeed I," said the Spanish knight; "I trust that I am now the prisoner of some honorable knight or gentleman."

"You are the prisoner of the man who took you, Sir Diego," answered Sir Nigel. "And I may tell you that better men than either you or I have found themselves before now prisoners in the hands of the archers of England."

"What ransom, then, does he demand?" asked the Spaniard.

"Big John scratched his red head and grinned in high delight when the question was propounded to him. 'Tell him,' said he, 'that I shall have ten cows and a bull too, if it be but a little one. As for a dress of fine scarlet, and a horse and red one for Joan; with five acres of pasture-land, two scythes, and a fine new grindstone. Likewise a small house, with stalls for the cows and thirty-six gallons of beer for the thirsty weather.'

"Tut, tut," said Sir Nigel, laughing. "All these things may be had for money; and I think, Don Diego, that five thousand crowns is not too much for so renowned a knight."

"It shall be duly paid him."

"For some days we must keep you with us; and I must crave leave also to use your sword and armor, and your horse. I have need of it this day, but it shall be duly returned to you. Set guards, Aylward, with arrow on string, at either end of the pass; for it may happen that some other cavaliers may visit us ere the time be come."

All day the little band of Englishmen lay in the sheltered gorge, looking down upon the vast host of their unconscious enemies. The sun had sunk behind a cloud-bank in the west before Sir Nigel at last gave word that the men should resume their arms and have their horses ready. He had himself thrown off his armor, and had dressed himself from head to foot in the harness of the captured Spaniard.

"Sir William," said he, "it is my opinion to attempt a small deed, and I ask you therefore that you will lead this outfit upon the camp. For me, I will ride into their camp with my squire and two archers. I pray you to watch me, and ride forth when I am come among the tents. You will leave twenty men behind here, and as we planned this morning, and you will ride back here after you have ventured as far as seems good to you."

"I will do as you order, Nigel; but what is that you propose to do?"

"You will see anon, and indeed it is but a trifling matter. Alayne, you will come with me, and lead a spare horse by the bridle. I will have the two archers who rode with us to France, for they are trusty men and on stand here. Let them ride behind us, and let them leave their bows here after you have ventured as far as seems good to you."

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and rode quietly forth from his concealment with his three companions behind him, Alayne leading his master's own steed by the bridle. So many small parties of French and Spanish horse were sweeping hither and thither that the small band attracted little notice, and making its way at a gentle trot across the plain, they came as far as the camp without challenge or hindrance. On and on they pushed past the endless lines of tents, amid the dense swarms of horsemen and of footmen, until the huge royal pavilion stretched in front of them. They were close upon it when of a sudden there broke out a wild hubbub from a distant portion of the camp, with screams and war-cries and all the wild tumult of battle. At the sound soldiers came rushing from their tents, knights

threw down their arms, and there was a mad turmoil on every hand of bewildered men and plunging horses. At the royal tent a crowd of gorgeous, richly dressed servants ran hither and thither in helpless panic for the guard of soldiers who were stationed there had already ridden off in the direction of the alarm. A man-at-arms on either side of the doorway were the sole protectors of the royal dwelling.

"I have come for the king," whispered Sir Nigel; "and, by Saint Paul! I must be back with us or I must bid here."

Alayne and Aylward sprang from their horses and flew at the two sentries, who were disarmed and bent down in an instant by so furious and unexpected an attack. Sir Nigel dashed into the royal tent, and was followed by Hordle John as soon as the horses had been secured. From within came wild screams and the clash of steel, and then the two emerged once more, their swords and forearms redened with blood, while John bore over his shoulder the senseless body of a man whose gray surcoat, adorned with the lions and towers of the royal house, a crowd of white-faced sewers and pages swarmed at their heels, those behind pushing forwards, while the foremost shrank back from the fierce faces and reeking weapons of the adventurers. The senseless body was thrown across the spare horse, the four sprang to their saddles, and away they thundered with loose reins and busy spurs through the swarming camp.

But confusion and disorder still reigned among the Spaniards, for Sir William Felton and his men had swept through half their camp, leaving a long litter of the dead and dying in their course. Uncertain who were their attackers, and unable to tell their English enemies from their newly-arrived Breton allies, the Spanish knights rode wildly hither and thither in aimless fury. The mad turmoil, the mixture of races, and the fading light, were all in favor of the four who alone knew their own purpose among the vast uncertain multitude. Another five minutes of wild galloping over the plain, and they were all back in their gorge, while their pursuers fled back before the rolling of the English drums and blare of trumpets, which seemed to proclaim that the whole army of the prince was about to emerge from the mountain passes.

"By my soul! Nigel," cried Sir Oliver, "what have we here?"

"It is a prisoner whom I have taken, and in sooth, as he came from the royal tent and wears the royal arms upon his jupon, I trust that he is the King of Spain."

"The King of Spain!" cried the companions, crowding round in amazement.

"Nay, Sir Nigel," said Felton, peering at the prisoner through the uncertain light. "I have twice seen Henry of Transtamare, and certes this man in no way resembles him."

"Who are you, fellow?" he added in Spanish, "and how is it that you dare to wear the arms of Castile?"

The prisoner was but recovering the consciousness which had been squeezed from him by the grip of Hordle John. "If it please you," he answered, "I and nine others are the body-squires of the king, and must ever wear his arms, so as to shield him from even such perils as have threatened him this night. The king is at the tent of the brave Du Guesclin, where he will sleep to night. But I am a caballero of Aragon, Don Sancho Penolosa, and, though I be no king, I am yet ready to pay a fitting price for my ransom."

"By Saint Paul! I will not touch your gold," cried Sir Nigel. "Go back to your master and give him greeting from John Nigel Loring of Twynham Castle, telling him that I had hoped to make his better acquaintance this night, and that, if I have disordered his tent, it was but in my eagerness to know so famed and courteous a knight. Spur on, comrades! for we must cover many a league ere we can venture to light fire or to loosen girths."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

It was a cold, bleak morning in the beginning of March, and the mist was drifting in dense rolling clouds through the passes of the Cantabrian mountains. The Company had passed the night in a sheltered gully. Here and there, through the dense haze which surrounded them, there loomed out huge pinnacles and jutting boulders of rock; while high above the sea of vapor there towered up one gigantic peak, with the pink glow of the early sunshine upon its snow-capped head.

The camp was loud with laughter and merriment, for a messenger had ridden in from the prince with words of heart-stirring praise for what they had done, and with orders that they should still abide in the forefront of the army.

"The Lord Loring craves your attendance in his tent," said a young archer to Alayne.

The squire found the knight seated upon a cushion, with his legs crossed in front of him and a broad ribbon of parchment laid across his knees, over which he was poring with frowning brows and pursed lips.

"It came this morning by the prince's messenger," said he, "and was brought from England by Sir John Fallisee, who is new come from Sussex."

Alayne turned to the letter, and, as his eyes rested upon it, his face turned pale and a cry of surprise and grief burst from his lips.

"What then?" asked the knight, peering up at him anxiously. "There is nought amiss with the Lady Mary or with the Lady Maude?"

"It is my brother—my poor unhappy brother!" cried Alayne, with his hand on his brow. "He is dead."

"By Saint Paul! I have never heard that he had shown so much love for you that you should mourn him so."

"Yet he was my brother—the only kith or kin that I had upon earth. Alas! alas! He has been slain—and slain, I fear, amidst crime and violence."

"Hail!" said Sir Nigel. "Read on, I pray."

"God be with thee, my honored lord, and have thee in his holy keeping. The Lady Loring hath asked me, the priest, so set down in writing what hath befallen at Twynham, and all that concerns the death of thy ill neighbor, the Scoman of Minstead. For when you had left us, this evil man gathered around him all outlaws, villains, and masterless men, until they were come to such a force that they slew and scattered the king's men who went against them. Then, coming forth from the woods, they laid siege to thy castle, and for two days they girt us in and shot and against us, with such numbers as were a marvel to see. Yet the Lady Loring held the place stoutly, and on the second day the Scoman was slain—by his own men, as some think—so that we were delivered from their hands; for which praise be to all the saints, and more especially to the holy Anselm, upon whose feast it came to pass. The Lady Loring and the Lady Maude, thy faithful daughter, are in good health. May all the saints preserve thee!"

"My fair lord," said Alayne, with a flush on his weather-stained cheeks, "I love your daughter, the Lady Maude; and, unworthy as I am, I would give my heart's blood to serve her."

"By Saint Paul! Edricson," said the knight coldly, arching his eyebrows, "you aim high, in this matter. Our blood is very old."

"Alayne also is very old," answered the squire.

"And the Lady Maude is our single child. All our name and lands center upon her."

"Alas! that I should say it, but I also am now the only Edricson."

"And why have I not heard this from you before, Alayne? In sooth, I think you have used me ill."

"Nay, my fair lord, say not so; for I know not whether your daughter loves me, and there is no pledge between us."

Sir Nigel pondered for a few moments, and then burst out a laughing. "By Saint Paul," said he, "I know not why I should mind in the matter; for I have ever found that the Lady Maude is very well able to look to her own affairs. I think she could stamp her little foot, she hath ever been able to get that for which she craved; and if she set her heart on thee, Alayne, and thou or I, I do not think that this Spanish knight, with his three-score thousand men, could hold you apart. Yet this I will say, that I would see you a full knight ere you go to my daughter with a pledge of love. I have ever said that a brave lance and a sword, and, by my soul! Edricson, if God spare me, I think that you will acquire yourself well. But enough of such trifles, for we have our work before us, and it will be time to speak of this matter when we see the white cliffs of England once more. Go to Sir William Felton, I pray you, and ask him to come hither, for it is time that we were marching. There is no pass at the other end of the valley, and it is a perilous place should an enemy come upon us."

Alayne delivered his message, and then wandered forth from the camp, but his mind was all in a whirl with the unexpected news, and with his talk with Sir Nigel. Sitting upon a rock, with his burning brow resting upon his hands, he thought of his brother, of their quarrel, of the Lady Maude in her bedraggled riding-dress, of the gray old castle, of the proud pale face in the armor, and of the last few words with which she had sped him on his way, the second time, to the penniless, monk-bred lad, unknown and untried. Now he was himself Scoman of Minstead, the head of an old stock, and the Lord of an estate which, if reduced from its former size, was still ample to preserve the dignity of his family. Further, he had become a man of experience was counted brave among men, had won the esteem and confidence of her father, and when he told him of the second time, as to the gaining of knighthood in such stirring times it was no great matter for a brave squire of gentle birth to aspire to that honor. He would leave his bones among these Spanish ravines, or he would do some deed which would call the eyes of men upon him.

Alayne was still seated on the rock, his griefs and his joys drifting swiftly over his mind like the shadow of clouds upon a sunlit meadow, when of a sudden he became conscious of a low deep sound which came booming up to him through the fog. He shouted an alarm to the camp.

"It is a great body of horse," said Sir William Felton, "and they are riding very swiftly hitherwards."

The Company stood peering into the dense fog wreath, amidst a silence so profound that the dripping of the water from the rocks and the breathing of the horses grew loud upon the ear. Suddenly from out the fog of mist came the sound of neigh, followed by a long blast of a bugle.

"It is a Spanish call, my fair lord," said Black Simon.

"By my faith, said Sir Nigel, smiling, "we may promise them some sport ere they sound the mort over us. But there is a hill in the center of the gorge upon which we might make our stand."

"I marked it yester night," said Felton, "and no better spot could be found for our purpose, for it is very steep at the back."

The whole Company, leading their horses, passed across to the small hill, which loomed up from the mist. It was indeed admirably designed for defence, for it sloped down in front, all jagged and boulder strewn, while it fell away behind in a sheer cliff of a hundred feet or more. On the summit was a small, uneven plateau, with a stretch across of a hundred paces, and a depth of half as much again.

"Unloose the horses," said Sir Nigel. "Now order the ranks, and fling wide the banners, for our souls are God's and our bodies the king's, and the words for Saint George and for England!"

Sir Nigel had scarcely spoken when the mist seemed to thin in the valley, and to shred away into long ragged clouds which trailed from the edges of the cliffs, and the sun broke through. It gleamed and shimmered with dazzling brightness upon the armor and headpieces of a vast body of horsemen who stretched across the barren mountain, one cliff to the other, and extended back until their rear-guard were far out upon the plain beyond. Line after line, and rank after rank, they checked the neck of the valley with a long vista of tossing pennons, twinkling lances, waving plumes and streaming banners, while the curvets and gambades of the chargers lent a constant motion and shimmer to the glittering, many-colored mass. A yell of exultation, and a forest of waving staffs, through the long line of the knightly column, announced that they could at last see their entrapped enemies, while the swelling notes of a hundred bugles and drums, mixed with the clash of Moorish cymbals, broke forth into a proud peal of martial triumph. Strange it was to these gallant and sparkling cavaliers of Spain to look upon this handful of men upon the hill, to these lines of bowmen, the knots of knights and men-at-arms with armor rusted and discolored from long service, and to learn that these were indeed the soldiers whose fame and prowess had been the camp-fire talk of every army in Christendom. Very still and silent they stood, leaning upon their bows, while their leaders took counsel together, front of them. No clang of bugle rose from their stern rank, but in the center waved the leopards of England, on the right the ensign of their Company with the roses of Loring, and on the left over three score of Welsh bowmen, there floated the red banner of Merlin with the red-bear's heads of the Buttershotts. Gravely and sedately they stood before the morning sun, waiting for the onslaught of their foemen.

"By Saint Paul," said Sir Nigel, gazing with puckered eye down the valley, "there appear to be some very worthy people

among them. What is this golden banner which waves over the left?"

"It is the ensign of the Knights of Calatrava," answered Felton.

"And the one upon the right?"

"It marks the Knights of Santiago and I saw the banner of the grand master-rides at their head."

"You are right, for I can also see them. There is much Spanish blazonry also if I could but read it. Don Diego, you know the arms of your own country, and who are they who have done us so much honor?"

The Spanish prisoner looked with exultant eyes upon the deep and serried ranks of his countrymen.

"By Saint James!" he said, "if ye fail this day, ye fail by no mean hands for the flower of the armor, Castile ride under the banner of Don Tello, the chivalry of Asturias, Toledo, Leon, Cordova, Galicia and Seville and the knights of France and Aragon. If you will take my rede, you will come to a composition with them, for they will give you such terms as you have given me."

Nay, by Saint Paul, it were pity if so many brave men, were drawn together and no little deed arms, come of it. Hal! William, they advance upon us, and by my soul it is a sight worth coming over the seas to witness."

As he spoke the two wings of the Spanish host, consisting of the Knights of Calatrava on the one side and of Santiago on the other, came swooping swiftly down the valley, while the main body followed more slowly behind. The vanguard halted a long bow-shot from the hill, and with waving spears and vaulting shouts challenged the enemy to come forth, while two cavaliers, pricking their horses, crossed glittering ranks, walked their horses slowly between the two arrays with targets braced and lances in rest like the challengers in a tourney.

"By Saint Paul!" cried Sir Nigel, with his eye glowing like an ember, "these appear to be two very worthy and debonaire gentlemen. I do not call to mind that I have seen any people who seemed of so great a heart and so high of enterprise. We have our horses, Sir William, shall be no relieve them of any vow which they may have upon their souls?"

Felton's reply was to bound upon his charger, and to urge it down the slope, while Sir Nigel followed not three spear-lengths behind him. It was a rugged course, rocky and uneven, yet the two knights, choosing their men, dashed on, waving the top of their speed, while the tall and spare knight, as he went to meet them. The one to whom Felton found himself opposed was a tall strapping man with a stag's head upon his shield, while Sir Nigel's man was broad and squat, with plain steel harness, and a pink and white torso bound round his helmet. The first struck Felton on the target with such force as to split it from side to side, but Sir William's lance crashed through the small shield, and he fell screaming hoarsely to the ground. Carried away by the madness of fight, the English knight never drew rein, but charged straight on into the array of the Knights of Calatrava. Long time the silent ranks upon the hill could see a swirl and eddy deep down in the heart of the Spanish column, with a circle of rearing chargers and flashing blades. Here and there tossed the white plume of the English helmet, rising and falling like the foam upon a wave, with the fierce and angry rearing backwards round it, until at last it had sunk from view, and another brave man had turned war to peace.

Sir Nigel, meanwhile, had found a foe-man worthy of his steel, for his opponent was none other than Sebastian Gomez, the picked lance of the monkish Knights of Santiago, who had won fame in a hundred bloody combats with the Moors of Andalusia. So fierce was their meeting that their spears shivered up to the very grass, and the two men rolled backwards until it seemed that they must crash upon their riders. Yet with consummate horsemanship they both swung round in a long curve, and then plucking out their swords they lashed at each other like two lusty smiths hammering upon their anvil. The chargers spun round each other, biting and striking, while the two blades wheeled and whizzed and circled in gleams of dazzling light. Cut, parry, and thrust followed so fastly upon each other, that the eye could not follow them, until, at last, coming thigh to thigh, they cast their arms around each other and rolled off their saddles to the ground. The heavier Spaniard threw himself upon his enemy, and planning him down beneath him raised his sword to slay him, while a shout of triumph rose from the ranks of his countrymen. But the fatal blow never fell, for even as his arm quivered before descending, the Spaniard gave a shudder, and followed by a second roll, he fell upon his side, with the blood gushing from his arm-pit and from the slit of his vizor. Sir Nigel sprang to his feet with his bloody dagger in his left hand and gazed down upon his adversary, but the fatal and sudden stab in the vital spot, which the Spaniard had exposed by raising his arm, had proved instantly mortal. The Englishman leaped upon his horse and made for the hill, at the very instant that a yell of rage from a thousand voices and the clang of a score of bugles announced the Spanish onset.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

But the Islanders were ready and eager for the encounter. With feet firmly planted, their sleeves rolled back to give free play to their muscles, their long yellow bow-staves in their left hands, and their quivers slung to the front, they had waited in the four-deep harrow formation for the signal to attack. Now, when the foe permitted every man to draw his arrow freely without harm to those in front.

On swept the Spaniards, over the level and up to the slope, ere they met the blinding storm of the English arrows. Down went the whole ranks in a whirl of mad confusion, horses plunging and kicking, bewildered men falling, rising, staggering on or back, while ever new lines of horsemen came spurting through the gaps and urged their chargers up the fatal slope. All around him Alayne could hear the stern, short orders of the master-bowmen, while the air was filled with the keen twanging of the strings and the swish and patter of the shafts. Right across the foot of the hill there had sprung up a long wall of struggling horses and stricken men, which ever grew and heightened as fresh squadrons poured on the attack. So for five or six minutes the two hosts of Spain and France strove ever and again to force a passage, until the low walling note of a bugle called them back, and they rode slowly out of bow-shot, leaving their best and their bravest in the ghastly, blood-mottled heap behind them.

But there was little rest for the victors. Whilst the knights had charged them in front, the slingers had crept round upon either flank and had gained a footing upon the cliffs and behind the outlying rocks. A storm of stones broke suddenly upon the defenders, who, drawn up in lines marked the exposed summit, offered a fair mark to their hidden foes. Johnston, the old archer, was struck upon the temple and fell dead without a groan, while fifteen of his bowmen and six of the men-at-arms were struck down at the same moment. The others lay on their faces to avoid the deadly hail, while at each side of the plateau a fringe of bowmen exchanged shots with the slingers and crossbowmen among the rocks, aiming mainly at those who had swarmed up the cliffs and burst into the lighter and cheer when a well-aimed shaft brought one of their opponents toppling down from his lofty perch.

"By Saint Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, plucking the patch from his eye, "I think that I am now clear of my vow, for this Spanish knight was a person from whom much honor might be won. Indeed, he was a very worthy gentleman, of good courage, and great hardness, and it grieves me that he should have come by such a hurt."

"Nigel!" cried Sir Simon Burley, hurrying up with consternation upon his face. "Aylward tells me that there are not ten score arrows left in all their sheaves. See! they are springing from their horses, and cutting their solerets that they may rush upon us. Might we not even now make a retreat?"

"My soul will retreat from my body first," cried the little knight. "Here I am, and here I bide, while God gives me strength to lift a sword."

"And so say I," shouted Sir Oliver, throwing his lance high into the air and catching it again by the handle.

"To your arms, men!" cried Sir Nigel. "Shoot while you may and



up yonder track, steep and rough as it is, I think that ye might gain the valley beyond. Then on to the prince, and tell him how we fare.

"But, my fair lord, how can we hope to reach the horses?" asked Norbury.

"Ye cannot go round to them, for they would be upon ye ere ye could come to them. Think ye that ye have heart enough to clamber down this cliff?"

"Had we but a rope."

"There is one here. It is but one hundred feet long, and for the rest ye must trust to God and to your fingers. Can you try it, Alleyn?"

"With all my heart, my dear lord, but how can I leave you in such a strait?"

"Nay, it is to serve me that ye go. And you, Norbury?"

The silent squire said nothing, but he took up the rope, and, having examined it, he tied one end firmly round a projecting rock. Then he cast off his breast-plate, thigh pieces, and greaves, while Alleyn followed his example.

"Tell Chandos, or Calverley, or Knolles, should the prince have gone forward," cried Sir Nigel.

"Now may God speed you, for ye are brave and worthy men."

It was, indeed, a task which might make the heart of the bravest sink within him. The thin cord dangling down the face of the brown cliff seemed from above to reach little more than half-way down it. Beyond stretched the rugged rock, wet and shining, with a green tuft here and there thrusting out from it; but little sign of edge or foothold. Far below the jagged points of the boulders bristled up, dark and menacing. Norbury tugged thrice at the rope, and then, with a gasp, and then lowered himself over the edge, while a hundred anxious faces peered over at him as he slowly clambered downwards to the end of the rope. Twice he stretched out his foot, and twice he failed to reach the point at which he aimed, but even as he swung himself for a third effort a stone from a sling buzzed like a wasp from amid the rocks and struck him full upon the side of his head. His grasp relaxed, his feet slipped, and in a moment he was a crushed and mangled corpse upon the sharp ridges beneath him.

"If I have no better fortune," said Alleyn, leading Sir Nigel aside, "I pray you, my dear lord, that you will give my humble service to the Lady Maude, and say to her that I was ever her true servant and most unworthy cavalier."

The old knight said no word, but he put a hand on either shoulder, and kissed his forehead, with the tears shining in his eyes. Alleyn sprang to the rope, and, with a swift down, soon found himself at its extremity. From above it seemed as though rope and cliff were well-nigh touching, but now, when swinging a hundred feet down, the squire found that he could scarce reach the face of the rock with his foot, and that it was as smooth as glass, with no resting-place where a mouse could stand. Some three feet lower, however, his eye lit upon a long jagged crack which led downwards, and there he made ready if he would have not only his own poor life, but that of the eight-score men above him. Yet it was madness to spring for that narrow slit with nought but the wet, smooth rock to cling to. He swung for a moment, full of thought, and even as he hung there another of the hellish stones sang through his curls, and struck a clip from the face of the cliff. Up he clambered a few feet, drew up the loose end after him, ensnaring his belt, held on with knee and with elbow while he spilled the long rough leathern belt to the end of the cord, then lowering himself as far as he could go, he swung backwards and forwards until his hand reached the crack, then he left the rope and clung to the face of the cliff. Another stone struck him on the side, and he heard a sound like a breaking stick, with a keen stabbing pain which shot through his chest. Yet it was no time now to think of pain or ache. There was his lord and his eight-score comrades, and they must be plucked from the jaws of death. On he clambered, with his hand shuffling down the long sloping crack, sometimes bearing all his weight upon his arms, at others resting his foot. Would he never pass over that fifty feet? He dared not look down, and could but grope slowly onwards, his face to the cliff, his fingers clutching, his feet scraping and feeling for a support. Every vein and crack and notting of that face of rock remained forever stamped upon his memory. At last, however, his foot came upon a broad resting-place and he ventured to cast a glance downwards. Thank God! he had reached the highest of those fatal pinnacles upon which his comrades had fallen. Quickly now he sprang from rock to rock until his feet were on the ground, and he had his hand stretched out for the horse's rein, when a sling-stone struck him on the head, and he dropped senseless upon the ground.

An evil blow it was for Alleyn, but a worse one still for him who struck it. The Spanish slinger, seeing the youth lie slain, and judging from his dress that he was no common man, rushed forward to plunder him, knowing well that the bowmen above him had expended their last shaft. He was still three paces, however, from his victim's side when John upon the cliff above plucked up a huge boulder, and, poising it for an instant, dropped it with fatal aim upon the slinger beneath him. It stuck upon his shoulder, and hurled him, crashing and screaming, to the ground, while Alleyn, recalled to his senses by the shrill cries in his very ears, staggered on to his feet, and gazed wildly about him. His eyes fell upon the horses, grazing upon the scanty pasture, and in an instant all had come back to him—his mission, his comrades, the need for haste. He was dizzy, sick, faint, but he must not die, and he must not tarry, for his life meant many lives that day. In an instant he was in his saddle and sprang down the valley. Loud rang the swift charger's hoofs over rock and reef, while the first dew from the stroke of iron, and the loose stones showered up behind him. But his head was whirling round, the blood was gushing from his brow, his temple, his mouth. Ever keener and sharper was the deadly pain which shot like red-hot arrow through his side. He felt that his eye was glazing, his senses slipping from him, his grasp upon the reins relaxing. Then with one mighty effort, he called up all his strength for a single minute. Stooping forward, he loosened the stirrup-strap, bound his knees tightly to his saddle flaps, twisted his hands in the bridle, and then, putting the gallant horse's head for the mountain path, he dashed the spurs in and fell forward fainting with his face buried in the coarse, black mane.

Little could he ever remember of that wild ride. Half conscious, but ever with the one thought beating in his mind, he goaded the horse onwards, rushing swiftly down steep ravines, over huge boulders, along the edges of black abysses. His memories he had of beetling cliffs, of the doors, of foaming, clattering water, and of a bristle of mountain beeches. Once, ere he had ridden far, he heard behind him three deep, sullen shouts, which told him that his comrades had set their faces to the foe once more. Then all was blank, until he woke to find kindly blue English eyes peering down upon him and to hear the blessed sound of his country's speech. They were but a foraging party, but they were archers and many men at arms—these were the leaders, Sir Hugh Calverley, and he was not a man to bide idle when good blows were to be had not three leagues from him. A scout was sent flying with a message to the camp, and Sir Hugh, with his two hundred men, thundered off to the rescue. With them went Alleyn, still bound to his saddle, still dripping with blood, and swooning and recovering, and swooning once again. On they rode, and on, until, at last, topping a ridge, they looked down upon the fateful valley. Alas! and alas! for the sight that met their eyes.

There, beneath them, was the blood-bathed hill, and from the highest pinnacle there flaunted the yellow and white banner with the lions and the towers of the

royal house of Castile. Up the long slope rushed ranks and ranks of men—exultant, shouting, with waving pennons and brandished arms. Over the whole summit were dense throngs of knights, with no enemy that could be seen to face them, save only that at one corner of the plateau an eddy and swirl amid the crowded mass seemed to show that all resistance was not yet at an end. At the sight, a deep groan of rage and of despair went up from the baffled rescuers, and, spurring on their horses, they clattered down the long and winding path which led to the valley beneath.

But they were too late to avenge, as they had been too late to save. Long ere they could gain the level ground, the Spaniards, seeing them riding swiftly amid the rocks, and being ignorant of their numbers, drew off from the captured hill, and, having secured their few prisoners, rode slowly in a long column, with drum-beating and cymbal-clashing, out of the valley. Their rear ranks were already passing out of sight ere the newcomers were urging their panting, foaming horses up the slope which had been the scene of that long-drawn and bloody fight.

And a fearsome sight it was that met their eyes! Across the lower end lay the dense heap of men and horses where the first arrow-storm had burst. Above, the bodies of the dead and the dying—French, Spanish, and Aragonese—lay thick and thicker, until they covered the cold ground two and three deep in one dreadful tangle of slaughter. Above them lay the Englishmen in their lines, even as they had stood, and higher yet upon the plateau a wild medley of the dead of all nations, where the last deadly grapple had left them. In the further corner, under the shadow of a great rock, there crouched seven bowmen, with great John in the centre of them—all wounded, weary, and in sorry case, but still unconquered, with their blood-stained weapons waving and their voices ringing a welcome to their countrymen. Alleyn rode across to John, while Sir Hugh Calverley followed close behind him.

"By Saint George!" cried Sir Hugh. "I have never seen signs of so stern a fight, and I am right glad that we have been in time to save you."

"You have saved more than us," said John, pointing to the banner which leaned against the rock behind him.

"You have done nobly," cried the old free companion, gazing with a soldier's admiration at the huge frame and bold face of the archer. "But why is it, my good fellow, that you sit upon this man?"

"By the rood! I had forgot him," John answered, rising and dragging from under him no less a person than the Spanish Caballero, Don Diego Alvarez. "This man, my fair lord, means to me a new house, ten cows, one bull—if it be but a little one—a grindstone, and I know not what besides, so that I thought it well to sit upon him, lest he should take a fancy to leave me."

"Tell me, John," cried Alleyn faintly, "where is my dear lord, Sir Nigel Loring?"

"He is dead, I fear. I saw them throw his body across a horse and ride away with it, but I fear the life had gone from him."

a broken rib and a shattered head; yet youth and strength and a cleanly life were all upon his side, and he awoke from his long delirium to find that the war was over, that the Spaniards and their allies had been crushed at Navaretta, and that the prince had himself heard the tale of his ride for succor and had come in person to his bedside to touch his shoulder with his sword and to insure that so brave and true a man should die, if he could not live, within the order of chivalry. The instant that he could set foot to ground Alleyn had started in search of his lord, but no word could he hear of him, dead or alive, and he had come home now sad-hearted, in the hope of raising money upon his estates and so starting upon his quest once more. Landing at London, he had hurried on with a mind full of care, for he had heard no word from Hampshire since the short note which had announced his brother's death.

"By the rood!" cried John, looking around him excitedly, "where have we seen since we left such noble cows, such fleecy sheep, grass so green, or a man so drunk as yonder rogue who lies in the gap of the hedge?"

"Ah, John," Alleyn answered wearily, "it is well for you, but I never thought that my home-coming would be so sad a one. My heart is heavy for my dear lord and for Aylward, and I know not how I may break the news to the Lady Mary and to the Lady Maude, if they have not yet had tidings of it."

John gave a groan which made the horses shiver. "It is indeed a black business," said he. "But be not sad, for I shall give half these cows to my old mother, and half will I add to the money which you may have, and so we shall buy that yellow cog wherein we sailed to Bordeaux, and in it we shall go forth and seek Sir Nigel."

Alleyn smiled, but shook his head. "Were he alive we should have had word of him ere now," said he. "But what is this town before us?"

"Why, it is Romsey!" cried John. "See the tower of the old gray church, and the long stretch of the nursery."

But Alleyn could answer there swung round the curve of the road a lady's carriage drawn by three horses abreast with a postilion upon the outer one. Within there sat a stout and elderly lady in a pink cotehardie, leaning back among a pile of cushions. None could seem more safe and secure and at her ease than this lady, and yet here also was a symbol of human life, for in an instant, even as Alleyn reined aside to let the carriage pass, a wheel flew out from among its fellows, and over it toppled with the horses plunging, the postilion shouting, and the lady screaming from within. In an instant Alleyn and John were on foot, and had lifted her forth all

and lady superior had had their will, it was but fitting that some pomp and show should mark the glad occasion.

But alas! for plots and plans when love and yolk and nature, and above all, fortune are arrayed against them. Who is this travel-stained youth who dares to ride so madly through the lines of staring burghers? Why does he fling himself from his horse and stare so strangely about him? See how he has rushed through the incense-bearers, thrust aside lay-sister Agatha, scattered the two-and-twenty damosels who sang so sweetly—and he stands before the novice with his hands outstretched, and his face shining, and the light of love in his gray eyes. Her foot is on the very lintel of the church, and yet he bars the way—and she, she thinks no more of the wise words and holy rede of the lady abbess, but she hath given a sobbing cry and hath fallen forward with his arms around her drooping body and her wet cheek upon his breast. A sorry sight this for the gaunt abbess, an ill lesson too for the stainless two-and-twenty who have ever been taught that the way of nature is the way of sin. But Maude and Alleyn cared little for this. A dank, cold air came out from the black arch before them. Without, the sun shines bright and the birds are singing amid the ivy on the drooping beeches. Their choice is made, and they turn away hand-in-hand, with their backs to the darkness and their faces to the light.

Very quiet was the wedding in the old priory church. Christchurch, where Father Christopher read the service, and there were few to see save Lady Loring and John, and a dozen bowmen from the castle. The Lady of Tynham had drooped and pined for weary months, so that her face was harsher and less comely than before, yet she still hoped on, for her lord had come through so many dangers that she could scarce believe that he might be stricken down at last. It had been her wish to start for Spain and to search for him, but Alleyn persuaded her to let him go in her place. There was much to look after, now that the lands of Minstead were joined to those of Tynham, and Alleyn had promised her that if she would but bide with his wife he would never come back to Hampshire again until he had gained some news, good or ill of her lord and lover.

The yellow cog had been engaged, with Goodwin Hawtayne in command, and a month after the wedding Alleyn came down to Bucklebury to see she had come round yet from Southampton. On the way he passed the fishing village of Pitt's Deep, and marked that a little creyer or brig was tackling off the land, as though about to anchor there. On his way back, as he rode towards the village, he saw that she had indeed anchored, and that many boats were round her, bearing cargo to the shore.

A bow-shot from Pitt's Deep there was an inn a little back from the road, very large and wide-spread, with a great green bush hung upon a pole from one of the upper windows. At this window, he marked, as he rode up, that a man was seated who appeared to be craning his neck in his direction. Alleyn was still looking up to him, when a woman came rushing from the open door of the inn, and made as though she would climb a tree, looking back the while with a laughing face. Wondering what these doings might mean, Alleyn tied his horse and was walking amid the trees toward the inn, when there shot from the entrance a second woman who made also for the trees. Close at her heels came a burly, brown-faced man, who leaned against the door post and laughed loudly with his hand to his side. "Ah, ma belle!" he cried, and is it thus you treat me? Ah, ma petites! I swear by these fingerbones that I would not hurt a hair of your pretty heads; but I have been among the black paynim, and, by my gift! it does me good to look at your English cheeks. Come, drink a stoup of muscadine with me, mes enges, for my heart is warm to be among ye again."

At the sight of the man, Alleyn had stood staring, but at the sound of his voice such a thrill of joy bubbled up in his heart that he had to bite his lips to keep himself from shouting outright. But a deeper pleasure yet was in store. Even as he looked, the window above was pushed outwards, and the voice of the man whom he and seen there came out from it. "Aylward," cried the voice, "I have seen just now a very worthy person come down the road, though my eyes could scarce discern whether he carried coat-armor. I pray you to wait upon him and tell him that a very humble knight of England abides here, so that if he be in need of advancement, or have any small vow upon his soul, or desire to exalt his lady, I may help him to accomplish it."

Aylward at this order came forward amid the trees, and in an instant the two men were clinging in each other's arms, laughing and shouting and patting each other in their delight; while Sir Nigel came running with his sword, under the impression that some bickering had broken out, only to embrace and be embraced himself, until all three were hoarse with their questions and outcries and congratulations.

On their journey home through the woods Alleyn learnt their wondrous story: how, when Sir Nigel came to his senses, he with his fellow-captive had been hurried to the coast, and conveyed by sea to their captor's castle; how upon the way they had been taken by a Barbary rover, and how they exchanged their light captivity for a seat on a galley bench and hard labor at the pirate's oars; how, in the port at Barbary, Sir Nigel had slain the Moorish captain, and had swum with Aylward to a small coaster which they had taken, and so made their way to England with a rich cargo to reward them for their tolls. All this Alleyn listened to, until the dark peak of Tynham towered above them in the gloaming, and they saw the red sun lying athwart the rippling Avon. No need to speak of the glad hearts at Tynham Castle that night, nor of the rich offerings from out that Moorish cargo which found their way to the chapel of Father Christopher.

Sir Nigel Loring lived for many years, full of honor and laden with every blessing. He rode no more to the wars, but he found his way to every fousting within thirty miles; and the Hampshire youth treasured it as the highest honor when a word of praise fell from him as to their management of their horses, or their breaking of their lances. So he lived and so he died, the most revered and the happiest man in all his native shire.

For Sir Alleyn Edrickson and for his beautiful bride the future had also naught but what is good. Twelve he fought in France, and came back each time laden with honors. A high place at court was given to him, and he spent many years at Windsor under the second Richard and the fourth Henry—where he received the honor of the Garter, and won the name of being a brave soldier, a true-hearted gentleman, and a great lover and patron of every art and science which refines or ennobles life.

As to John, he took unto himself a village maid and settled in Lyndhurst, where his five thousand crowns made him the richest franklin for many miles around. For many years he drank his ale every night at the "Pied Merlin," which was now kept by his friend Aylward, who had wedded the good widow to whom he had committed his plunder. The strong men and the bowmen of the country round used to drop in there of an evening to wrestle a fall with John or to shoot a round with Aylward, but, though a silver shilling was to be the prize of the victory, it has never been reported that any man earned much money in that fashion. So they lived, these men, in their own, lusty, cheery fashion—rude and rough, but honest, kindly and true. Let us thank God if we have outgrown their vices. Let us pray to God that we may ever hold their virtues.

THE END.

**COOL GARMENTS FOR COMFORT.**

**The Shirtwaist the Leader—White the Coolest Color.**

Bertha Browning.

The month of August means a good many warm days and those who stay at home as well as the more fortunate individuals who enjoy the coolness of some resort need cool apparel. It has always been true everywhere that white proved much less warm beneath a scorching sun than a darker tone and the American woman has adopted it as her summer wardrobe this year. Everything which can be of white will be found much cooler and pleasanter to look upon than other colors and this means every article of dress. It is a scientific fact that white is the coolest, as black is the warmest color.

The fashion makers have supplied womankind with real summer dress this year. No more hot collars and fitted waists for summer wear but instead, neck wear of sheerest lace or material and loose comfortable-looking blouses suitable for all ages. The shirt waist is the real monarch of the field for general wear and this takes a very wide variety of forms, from the dressey and fussy waist elaborately embroidered and inset with lace to the real negligee shirt with its low collar and half-sleeves. The latter is a new comer this season and is favored by the girl who enjoys any sort of out-of-door sport. It is made of madras, linen, lawn and silk and prettily trimmed with flat collar, cuffs and tie of the same or a contrasting color.

Beside these shirts, there are very attractive little white flannel suits which may be worn on any outing, for tennis, or driving which consist of shirt waist and skirt in simple design. White appears in everything with black as a smart contrast. Black is promised a great prominence in the early fall but it seems to have anticipated its popularity to such an extent that it is gracing all smart costumes. When a suit is of white the hat and gloves are of black as well as the footwear. Numerous black and white malinette ruches and boas are being worn and look especially well on women, not too young.

**COOL AND DAINTY NEGLIGES.**

Many very attractive negligees for house wear are quite simple to make and require but a small outlay to realize. These are of lawn and dimity which come in the most attractive designs. One pretty pattern slips on over the head. It has a square yoke cut out in square neck, and the lower portion hangs in full folds from the yoke. The sleeves are of elbow length and these too hang free from any band at the lower edge. The advantages of this are that it can be slipped on at a second's notice and no buttons remain to be fastened when it is once on. Then, too, it is immensely becoming to any wearer. The sack ends at the hip-line. Others are of the loose flowing variety edged down the front and about the neck and sleeves with soft filmy ruffles. These are of white lawn and Swiss. Dotted Swiss makes up into very attractive negligees as well as blouses for nice wear.

**PALISADE PATTERNS.**

**CORSET COVER AND PETTICOAT IN ONE.**

Designed by BERTHA BROWNING.

In this day of perfectly fitted garments, the particular woman appreciates economy in bands and belts. Here is shown a petticoat and corset cover joined in one, both attractive in design and perfectly fitted. The corset cover is cut with square neck and a very narrow band over the shoulder. Groups of tucks intercepted by bands of insertion provide an easy fullness over the bust, while the tucks continue the entire length in back. The girdle joining the garments is shaped to the figure and closes in front. The petticoat may be daintily trimmed with lace to match the corset cover. A fine quality of nainsook or long cloth will give best service, while lawn or muslin may prove very pretty. In the medium size, 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

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HARVESTING THE APPLE CROP.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

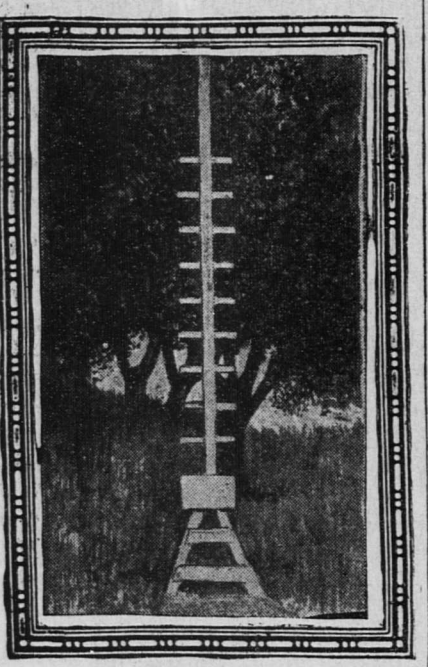
It is an easy matter to go out into the orchard, shake or pick the apples off the trees and throw or drop them into barrels for hauling to the town or cross roads grocery where the fruit may be exchanged for a bolt of muslin or calico, or something else needed in the house. But this is not very profitable. The progressive farmer has found that it pays to give strict attention to the sorting and packing of his crop in order that it may bring for him a much larger amount of money.

Just when to pick is one of the secrets of the trade which all orchardists do not appreciate. The time of picking red apples is commonly gauged by their color and that of yellow apples by the color of the seeds. The latter is the only reliable test of ripeness, for an apple picked just as the seeds have turned a light brown, and before they become dark around the edges, will be found to have not only full flavor, but the best keeping quality. But red apples are often left for some time after the seeds indicate maturity to allow them to put on more color, which they do rapidly under the influence of the bright days and frosty nights of autumn; and indeed this is the only way of obtaining color on fruit in the shady portions of the tree. Growers should bear in mind, however, that to defer picking after the seeds indicate ripeness, invites watercore and shortens the life of the fruit in storage, often to a serious extent with the midwinter varieties.

TOO LATE PICKING

Much of the complaint recently lodged against the Jonathan because of rotting at the core, according to a report of the Idaho Experiment Station, is believed to be attributable to late picking. Unless this trouble is corrected the sale of this valuable variety is sure to be hurt. The purchaser is completely deceived by the perfect appearance of the fruit, not a sign of decay being visible until it is cut open, when the flesh for some distance about the core is discovered to be brown, radiating in narrow rays towards the skin, which, however, it seldom reaches. It is worse than a worm hole, for that can be cut out. A box containing even a few such specimens makes the consumer distrustful of the variety, while half or more sickens even the most enthusiastic friend of "Brother Jonathan."

Few farmers are considered capable of packing their own apples, as the statement is made that, as regards



SINGLE RAIL LADDER.

A Very Light Form for the Orchard.

seeing worm holes, their eye-sight is deficient. Where there is a fruit union, the Idaho bulletin suggests that a rule should be adopted forbidding any members thereof from doing their own picking, but, they should profit by the employment of the same body of trained pickers successively at the various orchards. Even the isolated growers should endeavor to have a group of expert pickers, and employ the same ones, as far as possible, year after year. This is the way to build up a reputation that has a great cash value.

PACKING IN BARRELS

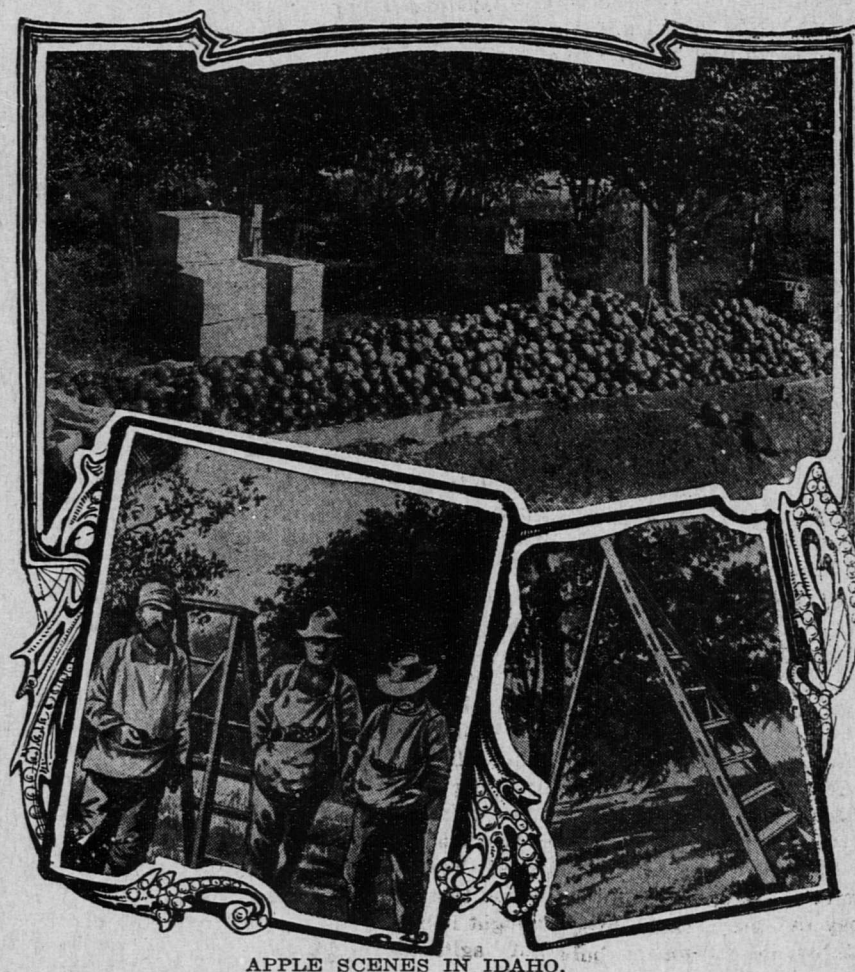
While the simplest method of packing apples is the old barrel of the east in which the bottom and top are faced, the apples in the middle being simply poured in, this is a slovenly, not to say deceitful method, for it requires no grading expert to sort out the best ones for facing. The Western box method, on the other hand, is more desirable, especially in cases where one wishes to cater to the fancy trade. One of the pretty points about the box package is that the exact number of apples contained therein is always known, and if stamped on the box as it should be, gives information much appreciated by the buyer. Of course this only applies where the packer adopts one particular method of placing the apples in the box.

A prominent orchardist made the statement that it costs money to step on a ladder in an orchard. This orchard owner finds that there is a waste of time in climbing up in order to reach the uppermost branches of the tree, so that it is considered advisable that effort should be made through pruning to start the head of the tree low and keep it low in order that the most profitable investment can be made out of the trees. It should be possible for several years to gather a

large percentage of the crop from the ground or with a very low ladder. Nevertheless you can scarcely make a dwarf tree by any amount of pruning, and in every apple orchard ladders of some kind soon become a necessity.

HANDY TYPES OF LADDERS

Of all the numerous styles of ladders, some form of step ladder is best adapted to the orchard, whether the welfare of the tree is considered or the comfort of the picker. Any ladder which must be set against the tree is a constant menace to it. Probably the best type of tall step ladders is one having three legs, two comprising the legs of the ladder proper and the third acting as its support. It is easily set up securely



APPLE SCENES IN IDAHO.

Picking Aprons and Ladders Designed by the Idaho Experiment Station.

on uneven ground and the wide spread of legs at the bottom makes it especially stable. For work on tall trees the Japanese style of ladder, in which the steps converge to a point at the top is easy to manipulate. Lightest of all the tall ladders is a single rail with pegs projecting from the sides, but it is least safe and comfortable for the user, and is not liable to become widely used.

Every picker has his own opinion as to the best style of receptacle in which to place the freshly picked fruits. Buckets, baskets and bags have their devotees, and some even go so far as to provide the pickers with coal scuttles. The latter, however, too strongly suggest pouring and such rough treatment is not to be thought of with apples any more so than with eggs. Where bags are used, as is commonly the case, they should be lined with burlap though this should not cause any relaxation of care in placing fruit in them. Bags are open to the objection that the fruit in them is easily bruised where the bag brushes against a limb or ladder. The usual form of packing does not admit of removing the fruit except by pouring, and this is objectionable. The bottomless sack overcomes this difficulty as it allows the fruit to roll from the bottom when the chain is released. Such treatment might do with oranges, but with apples—never. The average picker could never withstand the temptation to let them shoot from the bag the moment the foreman's back was turned.

THE IDEAL PICKING BAG

Perhaps the best picking bag is the apron bag. It is cheap, being easily made of a heavy grain sack, hangs in the most convenient position for filling and leaves both hands free. It



A SUBSTANTIAL THREE-LEGGED.

is so shallow that the first apples can be conveniently laid in it without dropping, and yet it holds all the wearer can carry, and finally cannot be emptied by pouring, unless the picker stands on his head. Clean boxes will help to bring better prices for apples, so that it is considered absolutely essential that the packer should use only boxes that are freshly made up of material that is white and clean. No man who takes pride in his business or cares for his reputation will pack

fruit in old or soiled boxes. When these are hauled to market they should always be covered with a tarpaulin to keep off rain or dust. If box material is carried over from one year to another it should be carefully housed and covered to keep it clean and bright.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

Two essentials of a perfect packing of apples are honesty and uniformity—that is the apples in the middle or bottom of the pack, whether it be a box or barrel, should be just as good as those on top and all perfect; all of an even size and properly colored and every package packed with the same degree of care and skill, so that the buyer may feel certain that it is not

Second, the influence that such study has upon the growing mind. With a reasonable amount of this sort of education, coupled with the three R's, the child will never develop the tendency to rip to pieces the shrubbery of his own home or dig out and trample under foot the young plants in the garden. Furthermore, he will likely take his school garden for his ideal, and use his influence to make the home yard its equal in appearance, if not its superior. The object, too, of school yard planting is strictly utilitarian. School house, some of them splendid brick structures as well as sod house buildings, can be found which are absolutely devoid of tree or shrub planting. Both the winter winds and the summer heat operate upon them with unchecked violence. Why not plant trees and inaugurate the assistance of the pupils in so doing, which will not only act as wind breaks, but afford shade? In connection with this subject the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture has issued a Farmer's Bulletin (No. 134) on Tree Planting for Rural School Gardens. This can be obtained without cost, by writing either Gifford Pinchot, Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to your U. S. senator or member of Congress. It contains much information which is useful and outlines several practical plans for not only the beautification of barren school grounds but for a primary study of forestry—tree planting and tree growth.

USE AND INFLUENCE OF TREES. What a tremendous influence for good in every town, it would be, if every school boy and school girl should become interested in tree planting and shrub planting. Arbor Day has become a great institution. Its observance has resulted in the planting of millions of trees every spring. Suppose that it were universal, and that every child in every town should become as enthusiastic over the planting of a tree each year, and watching and attending to it, as he is over the observance of the

HE SECURED TOP PRICES

That careful packing is as essential as good fruit may be gathered from a



SCENE IN AN IDAHO APPLE ORCHARD.

Drawn from a Photograph in Bulletin of Idaho Experiment Station.

story of a potato grower in Colorado a few years ago, when the crop of potatoes in the east was immense. Colorado had, as usual, raised many thousands of sacks, but found the price so low that it scarcely covered the freight charges. In the emergency "The Man of the Hour" appeared in the person of a grower who washed his potatoes carefully, put them up in neat 10-pound sacks with attractive labels and sent them on to Chicago. A very fancy price was asked, but the potatoes went off with a rush and netted the grower the highest returns he had ever received. Cases similar to this are known to most farmers. Very often the manner in which fruit and vegetables are put up has more influence on the price than quality itself.

Barnyard Manure.

For garden crops there is no fertilizer that will compare with good, well-rotted barnyard manure. In localities where a supply of such manure cannot be secured it will be necessary to depend upon commercial fertilizers, but the results are rarely so satisfactory. In selecting manure for the garden, care should be taken that it does not contain any element that will be injurious to the soil. An excess of sawdust or shavings used as bedding will have a tendency to produce sourness in the soil. Chicken, pigeon, and sheep manures rank high as fertilizers, their value being somewhat greater than ordinary barnyard manures, and almost as great as some of the lower grades of commercial fertilizers. The manure from fowls is especially adapted for dropping in the hills or rows of plants.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE VILLAGE.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE WITH NO TREES AND NO PLANTS IS AN ECONOMIC MISTAKE.

Government Bureau of Forestry Has Issued an Attractive, Illustrated Free Bulletin on School and Home Tree Planting.

Thousands of school houses entirely lack the simple surroundings that would insure beauty and contentment. We mean by this not a paucity in architectural design, but in the simple matter of beautification through planting, which, in many cases, can be attained by arousing the interest of the scholars themselves. Some city schools have no space for planting at all, although some contain a good arrangement of flower beds and shade trees. In the towns and villages, also, it is possible to point out many examples showing great care and attention. It is in the country, however, that the improved school ground is rarely found.

The ideal school ground, which should really be as much a part of the building itself, and where the pupils can be shown the wonderful operations of nature, serves two distinct purposes.

First, it becomes a technical laboratory, where the intelligent teacher can point out the marvelous chemical changes which occur with each appearance of the seasons—the starting of plant life, with the warm days of spring, the fuller growth of summer with its blossoms and fruit and the matured wood growth, when the leaves drop in the fall—a cycle in the plant's history and

Second, the influence that such study has upon the growing mind. With a reasonable amount of this sort of education, coupled with the three R's, the child will never develop the tendency to rip to pieces the shrubbery of his own home or dig out and trample under foot the young plants in the garden. Furthermore, he will likely take his school garden for his ideal, and use his influence to make the home yard its equal in appearance, if not its superior.

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SCENE IN AN IDAHO APPLE ORCHARD.

Drawn from a Photograph in Bulletin of Idaho Experiment Station.

Fourth of July, what a wonderful change, in a few years, would result in the appearance of most of our towns and villages. Much can be done in the school toward making tree planting a success with the children. It is not enough that when Arbor Day rolls around a tree should be planted by each juvenile member of the family. Unless the youngsters realize that considerable care is required the first year or two, the trees will die, and unless they have been taught how to care for their trees, dead and dying specimens—failures—will distress and discourage the youthful mind, possibly beyond redemption. But with reasonable attention the poorest and the rockiest soils can be made to produce good trees.

A SCHOOL TREE NURSERY.

Certainly there could be nothing more fascinating than the starting of a tree nursery, of several good varieties, in each school ground. These nurseries could be started from the actual seed, acorns, beech nuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, seeds from fir cones, and the seeds of other trees thriving in the locality, and all these could be gathered by the children, and brought in and planted by them. Then after they had reached the proper age for transplanting, say two years, the class would, in an afternoon, visit a dozen homes, and participate in the transplanting of the seedlings, into their permanent locations. There is an inherent love for such things in the American youth. It is a wonderful thing, when you think about it, to take a bit of a seed, put it in moist soil, see it sprout, and then watch it through the progress of years come forth a tender shoot, grow into a

sturdy sapling, and finally become a great tree, leaving forth each year and affording shade and comfort for the occupants of the home. If the young mind grows up among such scenes and amid such environment, it will prove a mighty factor in the material prosperity of the community.

THE COUNTRY HOME.

Lecturer Advocates Small Independent Homes, Each on a Acre of Land

An address on "The Significance of the Country Home" was delivered by Edward H. Chandler, secretary of the Twentieth Century Club at the recent graduating exercises of the School of Domestic Science of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. In advocating a deliberate system of training nature study by means of school gardens, he said: Most important of all is the beginning of a national movement for the making of "home-crofts" or small independent homes with perhaps an acre to enable each family to find out the true values of rural life. It would be an absurd error to suppose that such homes are now lacking. There are multitudes throughout the land. What is new is that these homes are coming at last to their own. Instead of continuing to be "the insignificant haunts of one's childhood, of which one who has risen to distinction is expected to be a little ashamed, they are being sought out as typical of the best in home life and as models to be reproduced in essentials with some adaptations to the new needs of the times.

FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

To grow up, Mr. Chandler said, with the flowers and shrubs and trees and to learn to care for the birds, squirrels, rabbits and domestic animals is a training whose influence on character can never be over-estimated. An acre of ground is enough for Nature's purposes if he who lives on it wishes to be her pupil and helper. The country home makes possible the simplicity of living and fosters true democracy. It is both noteworthy and somewhat pathetic that hosts of city dwellers should rush to welcome and listen to the prophet of the simple life who came to us from France. Yet he had no other message than that of the country home. Live among the real things of life in contact with elementary forces. Live above conventionality. Learn to be simple in your tastes and straightforward in your motives. Be a good neighbor and a true friend. This is the life which the country home fosters. There you may not have so much money to handle, but you do not need it. Ostentatious display kills the spirit of such a home. Democracy is talked of in the city but it is felt in the country. A town meeting is the highest type of democracy yet attained. There is a common interest which binds all country dwellers together. But who are so far separated and indifferent to each others' needs as the various tenants of a city tenement or apartment house?

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS.

Not all who live in the country realize its significance. Here and there is a decadent home and a degenerate family. But all over the world the strength of nations is found among those who have been fostered near to nature and have become free beings by working together in honest labor. This is a home ideal to be placed among the highest. There is little danger of its over emphasis. No matter what one's work or how heavily the burden of the city presses the determination to live on the home acre in the country may easily become almost the most powerful influence in making a successful life!"

Parking for the Town.

The town parks, or the town or village square are the lungs of its citizens.

If the town is growing, it is none too soon to start a movement to provide for the securing of ample town parking. The land is increasing; when the town has doubled and has become a small city, it will not be so easy to secure sites, readily accessible to the people, without paying an exorbitant price. Secure first the land; it is not important that a large amount of money should be at once expended upon its beautification, possibly it needs but little, since nature may have made it more beautiful than can man. It is not necessary that it should be transformed into carpet beds of flowers and trimly kept lawns. If it affords sunlight and a green relief of grass and trees for the eye, it becomes a civilizer and an equalizer, for the poor as well as the wealthy, a resting place where a man may forget, for the time, some of his struggles and his anxieties in a contemplation of what God has made.

The park should be kept, in fact, as natural as is consistent with its use as such. It is never too early, however, to secure its site, with a view to the building up of the community, when land values will necessarily increase.

Distribution of Immigrants the Solution.

If there were only some practicable way of distributing immigration more equally among all the ports of the country the congestion and segregation phases of this problem would be nearer solution. It can be accomplished in but a small degree, since it will only be done if answering an economic demand, as in the case of the Galveston-Bremen service. Wise and well organized effort to induce immigrants to pass through the large ports by finding and insuring them employment in the interior and by informing them of opportunities elsewhere, will do much to improve conditions. The self-interest of states, many of which maintain immigration agencies, might also be brought more generally into play to attract the industrious and ambitious new comers to their farms and smaller towns.

Improving School Grounds.

In Rochester, N. Y., the school authorities grade and sod the school yards, while the shrubbery and other planting is by private effort in conjunction with the school children. Ample land is furnished for decorative playground purposes, and most exemplary results have been obtained.

Poor Chance in the Cities.

Life in a metropolis makes young children sharp, but not clever; it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally; it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blasé, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things and they do not properly see any thing, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

JOB OFFICE WANTED.

I WANT TO LEASE—A good job or newspaper office in live town of 1000 or over. I will pay monthly rental (in advance each month), until January 17, when substantial payment will be made. Address A. I. Boreman—Coto, Iowa.

STENOGRAPHERS: Bright young men who can take dictation rapidly and do rapid work. Machine. Salary \$600 to start. Write to-day: Office in 12 cities. HAPGOODS, Suite 143, 305-309 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED: A Hundred Firemen and Brakemen of different railroads. Age 20 to 30, good sight and hearing. Experience unnecessary. Firemen \$1 monthly, become Engineers and earn \$20. Brakemen \$70 monthly, become Conductors and earn \$100. Positions awaiting competent men. Send stamps for particulars. Name position preferred. Railways Association, Room 65, 277 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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FREEKLE REMOVED. We can positively remove all cases of freckles with STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM. This is a strong assertion, but we will refund your money if not satisfied. One remedy is guaranteed for this one ailment. Write for particulars. Stillman Freckle Cream Co., Dept. "10," Aurora, Ill.

BOY If You Want the Greatest Baseball Outfit FREE Here's Your Chance. This outfit consists of PANTS made of strong regulation cloth, with waist strings, well padded, reinforced buttons will stay on. SWEATER of same material, regulation make throughout and full around shoulder. BELT is made of special material and fitted with fast nickel and Japanese buckles that will not rust. CAP is regulation make and matches the entire quality and make. We also give an outfit consisting of MASK, FIELDER'S GLOVE, BASEBALL GLOVE, CATCHER'S MITT, and REGULATION BOYS' BASEBALL. Sent free to any boy selling 50 handkerchiefs at 10c. each. We send the handkerchiefs free of expense to you, to be paid for when sold. WOOD WOOD CO., 2 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Dept. 179.

Wherever anywhere in this country there is Any One who has the Spirit of True Patriotism and Genuine Love of Humanity in his or her heart, "The Coming People" By CHARLES F. DOLE should be the first book to be read.

There is a multitude of thinking people who see the dangers the future holds for our country unless we reach a wise solution of the tremendous social problems that confront us. The spirit in which we should approach the consideration of these problems is set forth in this remarkable book in a way that must be an inspiration to every truly humane and patriotic heart. Let the spirit of common sense and optimism and fundamental economic and philosophical truth that pervades this book be taken as the underlying motive of the movement, and the Creed and Platform of the Homocrofters as the practical plan to work to, and the rest of the great social questions are certain to be rightly solved by application to them of the sound and humane principles that will guide the action of our people upon all great national questions. One copy of "The Coming People" postage prepaid will be mailed to any address in the United States for twenty-five cents. One copy of both "The Coming People" and "The First Book of the Homocrofters" and "Maxwell's Tailsman" monthly for the rest of the year 1906 will be mailed to any address in the United States for fifty cents. Remit in postage stamps to The Homocrofters, 143 Main street, Watertown, Mass.